THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

The seventh paper in the series "American Bookmen" has been omitted this month, but will appear in our September number. Mr. Howe's next article will deal with the humourists.

❀

"Wherever you meet a journalist at present," writes our London correspondent, "you find him groaning about the Jubilee. Some are apprehending the sad fate of Mr. Pettigrew, M.A., as recorded in *My Lady Nicotine*. Mr. Pettigrew was in his forty-second year, and had done a good deal of Jubilee work before he accepted the commission that led to his death. He wrote several Jubilee sketches, a pamphlet entitled *Jubilees of the Past*, the introductory chapter to *Fifty Years of Progress*, and a work on *Jubilee Statesmen*. He received an order for a collection of Jubilee odes from publishers which were to appear in two volumes, the only original writing in the book being a sketch of the various schemes suggested for the celebration of the Jubilee. Mr. Pettigrew's body was found lying among Jubilee odes. On the table were a dozen or more sheets of 'copy,' which, though only spoiled pages, showed that the deceased had not succumbed without a final struggle. On one he had begun 'Fifty years have come and gone since a fair English maiden ascended the throne of England.' Another stopped short at 'To every loyal Englishman the Jubil—' A third sheet commenced with 'Though there have been a number of royal Jubilees in the history of the world, probably none has awakened the same interest as—' and a fourth began '1887 will be known to all future ages as the year of Jub—' One sheet bore the sentence, 'Heaven help me!' and it is believed that these were the last words the deceased ever penned."

❀

This is the season when the "Summer School" is in full swing, and thousands of persons are in attendance upon one and another of these institutions, which long ago passed beyond the experimental stage and have become popular and permanent. A good portion of their *clientèle* is made up of teachers who are seeking to combine a certain amount of recreation with a study of the latest methods used in their profession; or who are augmenting their own knowledge of particular subjects under specialists who are lecturing in these schools. Personally and for teachers, we regard the summer school as one of the most insidious inventions of the devil. This we say, not in criticism of their purpose, their instruction, or their scholastic results. As a matter of fact, these are altogether good, and some of the teaching done is very much more than good. We have seen an amount of special knowledge imparted by three months in a summer school such as would hardly have been given in the best of our universities in the same amount of time. But, nevertheless, the teacher ought to shun the temptation to attend one.

❀

We say this because, of all the professions, teaching is the most exhausting, and takes the most out of one's brain and nerve and general vitality, and in consequence, more than any other human being, the teacher needs in his va-

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cation to get away from the atmosphere of the "shop." For his academic learning, his purely scholastic knowledge, is in reality the less valuable part of his professional equipment. The true teacher is more than a setter of tasks and a hearer of lessons; he is an influence. And his pupils are not, first of all, students, but human beings. Hence, if necessary, a teacher should be willing to sacrifice something from his ideal, in the matter of his own formal preparation, if by doing so he can secure the far greater and more important gifts of bodily and mental health, steady nerves, a sense of balance and proportion, and a profound and sympathetic knowledge of his fellow-men. No one is so dreadfully in danger of getting into a mental rut, of becoming dogmatic, pedantic, and priggish; and the antidote for these things is found in getting absolutely away from his professional environment for as long a time as possible each year, resting his nerves and brain, and, above all, mingling with men and women whose standards and interests are absolutely different from his own. To go from his class-room to a place where the same old grind in another form is still going on, to make one of a crowd of jaded, nervous, sensitive beings who are stewing in their own juice, and gabbling over and over the formulas of the Educationist, so far from being a stimulus and an inspiration, is actually the undoing of a teacher, and sends him back to his work with a still further exhaustion of energy and enthusiasm and sympathy. So we say to the educator if he be a man, Go off somewhere, anywhere, to the place where education doesn't count; bivouac in the woods with a party of stock-brokers, or hobnob with Down East fishermen; and to the woman teacher we recommend the society of the most frivolous, giddy, and flirtatious young girls who infest the myriad resorts in summer. This will keep the balance properly adjusted, replacing hysteria and dulness and nerves by a renewed invigoration, an augmented sense of humour, and a saner and more highly developed insight into human nature.

❀

The newspapers, in reporting the occurrences of the recent university boat-races, give bits of the conversation overheard among the attendant undergraduates. "We won't do a thing to them!" remarked a Cornell man of the Harvard crew. "Get onto their jags!" was the chaste remark of one of the sons of Yale. This sort of thing really makes us sad. Twenty years ago the college man had a most picturesque and variegated vocabulary. It was amusing; it was adequate; it was sometimes pretty strong—and it was all his own. It differentiated him as much from the casual outside youth as did a dozen other more important attributes. It was evolved on the campus and in the ivied halls, and it was thoroughly distinctive and delightful. What colour there was in such words as "banger," "snab," "smear" (hash), "doggy," "mucker," and "waggle"! Some of these collegiate coinages were so good that they gradually worked their way into the language of the outside world; as, for example, "fresh," "flunk," and the verb "to be rattled." The best of them usually came from Yale, whose life, take it all in all, has generally had more flavour to it than that of the other American universities. But all this is slipping away, and now the college man expresses himself in the dialect of Chimmie Fadden and the "mucker." A year or so ago we picked up a Columbia publication and read an article entitled, if we remember it correctly, "A Senior's Soliloquy." It was rather clever, but it was written in the sort of language that one would expect to hear from a hobo in a Bowery hash-house; and when we remembered that it had been deliberately written down by one who was a university man and presumably a gentleman, it made us sick at heart. The whole subject may by some be viewed as trifling, but to us it is strikingly significant; for it is one of the innumerable indications of how the new theories of academic democracy have broken down the invisible but potent barrier that used to divide the student from the world at large—a change not making for the elevation of the latter, but for the profound and, we fear, hopeless vulgarisation of the universities.

❀

Speaking of college publications, we are reminded to say that of all their annuals that we have seen this year, the brightest is one produced by women. It is *The Mortarboard*, published by the Junior Class of Barnard College, and

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edited by Miss Susie W. Myers of this city. It has the right sort of tone to it, and is distinctly amusing.

❀

We hear that a new book about Carlyle will be published shortly in England, entitled *Mr. Froude and Thomas Carlyle*. It will deal with Froude's misrepresentations, and the title is said to be intentionally sarcastic. The author, Mr. David Wilson, holds a government position in Burmah, and this work is the outcome of a long study of the subject which he has pursued in the enforced solitude of his official duties.

❀

The Executive Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial has now begun operations in Great Britain ; and co-operation is being heartily given in various colonies and in the United States. The Memorial will offer a welcome opportunity to numberless lovers of Stevenson to do homage to his genius and the memory of his charming personality ; and we may surely expect the widest response to the appeal of the Committee. We expect to be able to give full particulars from the Committee's headquarters in America in our next number.

❀

"On my tomb," wrote Stevenson with grave humour in his *Inland Voyage*, "if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed : 'He clung to his paddle.'" Canoeing on the river Oise, a fallen tree had caught him about the chest, and while he was yet struggling to make less of himself and slip under, the river took the matter out of his hands and bereaved him of his boat.

"I do not know how long it was," he says, "before I scrambled on to the tree to which I was left clinging, but it was longer than I cared about. My thoughts were of a grave and almost sombre character, but I still clung to my paddle. . . . You can never know, till you try it, what a dead pull a river makes against a man. Death himself had me by the heels, for this was his last ambuscade, and he must now join personally in the fray. And still I held to my paddle. At last I dragged myself on to my stomach on the trunk, and lay there a breathless sop, with a mingled sense of humour and injustice. . . . But there was the paddle in my hand. On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed : 'He clung to his paddle.'"

How characteristic of the man's hand-to-hand struggle with death in life ! How fitting an epitaph for his tomb !

❀

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's admiration for Stevenson has been so frequently expressed that any one familiar with his writings must be well aware of the fact. "As for Stevenson's style," he wrote recently—"chiselled object of my youthful idolatry—no man in my hearing shall gainsay it." It is matter of interest, therefore, that Stevenson's story, *St. Ives ; the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England*, which is now appearing serially in *McClure's Magazine* and in the *Pall Mall Magazine*—like *Weir of Hermiston*, an unfinished story—is to be completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch in six additional chapters. This is undertaken in accordance with the wishes of Stevenson's executors, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's work will be based on notes furnished by Mrs. Strong, the stepdaughter and amanuensis of Stevenson.

❀

The death was announced recently of Mrs. Stevenson, the devoted mother of the novelist. It is well known that Mr. Stevenson's father, to whom he was tenderly attached, stood for a long time in doubt of his gifted son. His mother, however, and his aunt steadily encouraged his literary aspirations, and, as is well known, Mrs. Stevenson gave the crowning proof of her devotion to her son by going to join him in Samoa. When she returned to Edinburgh she went to live with the brilliant sister who survives her.

❀

We are to have a new *Life of Goldsmith* from Mr. Richard Ashe King. There has not been an attempt to portray Goldsmith for many years now. His most effective biographer, of course, was John Forster, although Mr. William Black's interesting study in the "English Men of Letters Series" had many merits. It is right, however, that Goldsmith's somewhat wayward character should be sketched by a brother Irishman, and those who remember Mr. Ashe King's effective presentation of Dean Swift, in his *Swift in Ireland*, will realise that he has every qualification for the task.

❀

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has been for some time busily engaged in writing a new

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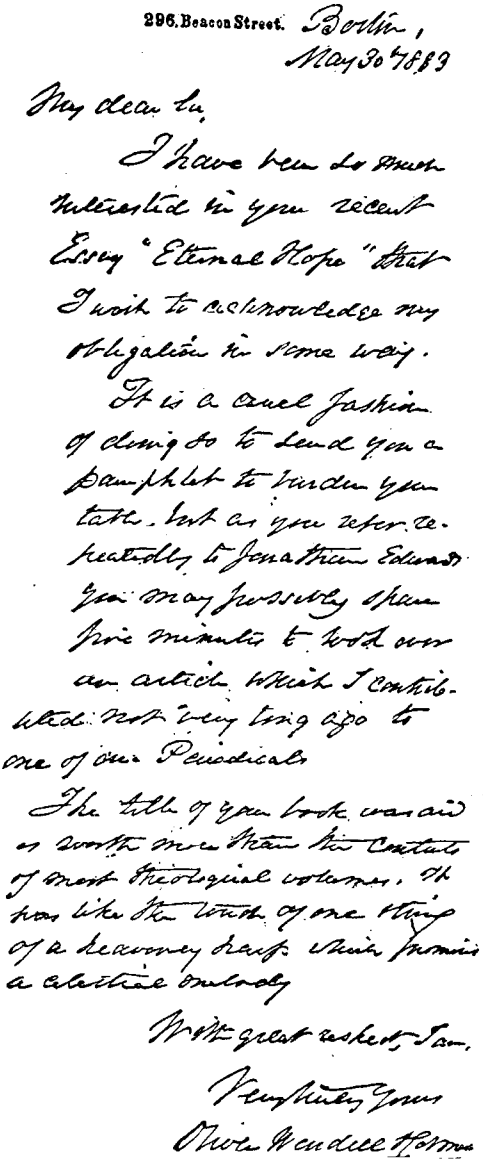
book for children. Readers of Mrs. Clifford's delightful *Anyhow Stories* will look forward to the publication of this new volume with interest.



296 Beacon Street. Boston, May 30 1883

My dear Sir,

I have been so much interested in your recent Essay "Eternal Hope" that I wish to acknowledge my obligation in some way.

It is a cruel fashion of doing so to send you a pamphlet to burden your table, but as you refer repeatedly to Jonathan Edwards you may possibly spare five minutes to look over an article which I contributed not very long ago to one of our Periodicals

The title of your book was said to be worth more than the contents of most theological volumes. It has like the touch of one string of a heavenly harp. What promise a celestial melody

With great respect, Sir,

Very truly Yours

Oliver Wendell Holmes

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The following extracts are taken from a flattering notice, in the London *Saturday Review*, of Mr. Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, which has recently been published in England:

". . . It shows American woman from her own point of view. . . . It reads like a piece of autobiography; and only an American woman could describe for us the growth of a strong, self-reliant, beautiful and thoroughly American girl like Rose. . . . It is not often that a woman has ventured to give expression to her delight in the animal and physical beauty of a well-built man so frankly as does Hamlin Garland."

Has any American man of letters ever been the recipient of a more delicate compliment to his powers as an artist than is given to Mr. Garland by this reviewer's ignorance of the Western writer's sex? We can imagine Mr. Garland's pleasurable sensations as he read the review.

❀

Mr. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, whose story of the American Revolution, entitled *In Defiance of the King*, was published by the Messrs. Appleton in the autumn of 1895, has written another American historical romance, entitled *A Colonial Free Lance*, which will be published by the same firm during the month.

❀

Dean Farrar continues his reminiscences of "Men I Have Known" in the *Temple Magazine*, the June number containing an interesting paper on "A Group of Eminent Americans." We understand that these articles will be published in the autumn under the title, *Men I Have Known*, both in England and America. From a number of interesting fac-similes of autograph letters accompanying the article mentioned we have reproduced two written by Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell, also a fac-simile of Lowell's inscription for the Raleigh Memorial Window referred to in his letter.

❀

A history of English literature by Mr. Austin Dobson, written by him in 1874 and carried to a second edition in 1879, has just been republished by his permission, with alterations and additions. Very few persons are aware that Mr. Dobson ever wrote such a work, and the reason of this is to be found in the fact that the existing copies give on the title-page the author's name as "H. A. Dobson, of the Board of Trade," which is far from suggesting the Queen Anne poet; but Mr. Dobson's full name is Henry Austin Dobson, and his connection with the Board of Trade is of long standing. What is not generally known, however, is that he once wrote, prior to

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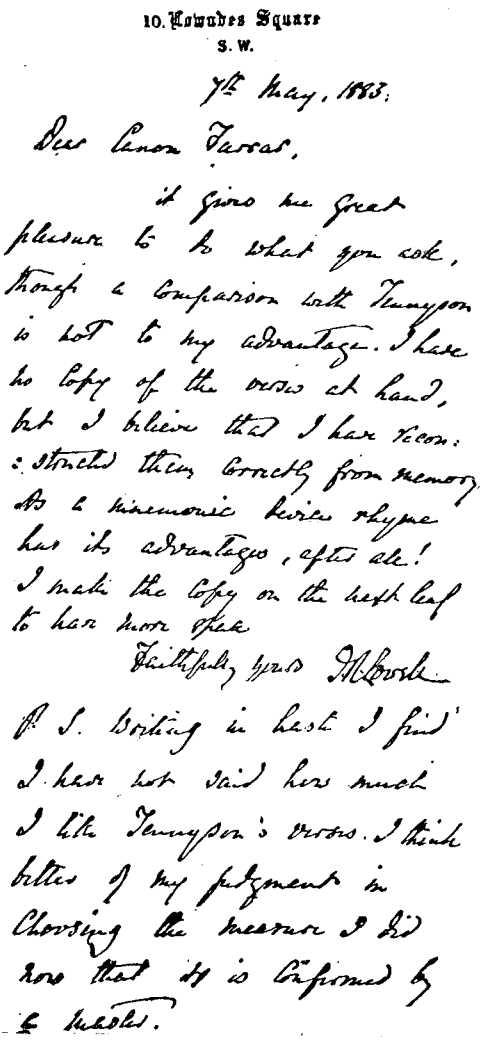


10. Lowndes Square
S. W.

7th May, 1883.

Dear Canon Farrar,

it gives me great pleasure to do what you ask, though a comparison with Tennyson is not to my advantage. I have no copy of the verses at hand, but I believe that I have recollected them correctly from memory. As a mnemonic device rhyme has its advantages, after all! I make the copy on the best leaf to have more space.

Faithfully yours JRLowell

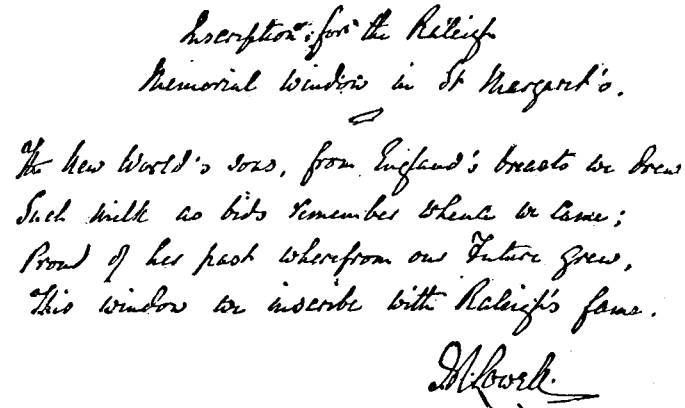
P. S. Writing in bed I find I have not said how much I like Tennyson's verses. I think better of my judgment in choosing the measure I did now that it is confirmed by E. Meredith.

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

the publication of his book on English literature, a history of England called *The Civil Service History of England*, intended for the use of candidates for the British Civil Service Examinations, as was in fact his *English Literature*. The thought of Mr. Dobson as an historian is rather piquant, and we should think that some publishing house would deem it worth while to reprint this volume also as a sort of curiosity.

❀

A one-volume edition of Austin Dobson's poems is to be published in England in October, to sell at five shillings. This volume is the outcome of half a dozen predecessors, the earliest of which was published by Messrs. Henry S. King and Company, in October, 1873. It was called *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société* (*now first collected*)—*i.e.*, from different magazines, and was dedicated to Anthony Trollope, the original editor of *St. Paul's*, to which periodical many of the pieces had been contributed. It reached a second edition in 1874, and a third in 1875. In May, 1877, it was followed by *Proverbs in Porcelain and Other Verses*, a fresh in-gathering, also issued by Messrs. King. A second edition of this appeared in 1878, the residue of which was destroyed by a fire. In 1880 *Vignettes in Rhyme and Other Verses*, a selection for the most part from these two books, was published in New York by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, with a dedication to Oliver Wendell Holmes and an introduction by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. In 1883 (by which date the two English collections named above were no longer obtainable) this American selection of 1880, newly arranged, was reprinted in London by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Company (Messrs. King's successors) as *Old-World Idylls*; while in 1885 a second volume, entitled *At the Sign of the Lyre*, and mainly composed of later pieces, made its appearance both at London and New York. Besides these and some illustrated selections, there was issued,



Inscription for the Raleigh
Memorial window in St Margaret's.

Ye New World's sons, from England's breasts ye drew
Such milk as bids remember whence ye came;
Proud of her past wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's fame.

JRLowell.

THE INSCRIPTION REFERRED TO IN MR. LOWELL'S LETTER.

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by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in 1895, a two-volume edition of both (*Poems on Several Occasions*), comprising a portrait of the author by Mr. William Strang, and seven etchings by M. Adolphe Lalauze. Of this, however, which again contained some new pieces, there was but a limited English impression, now becoming exhausted ; and as *Old-World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre* will not be reprinted, it is hoped that the present single volume—which includes all they included, and a little more—may now take their place. It is reassuring in these days of scientific thought and materialistic aims to learn that in England alone upward of forty thousand copies of Mr. Dobson's volumes of verse have been sold.

❀

We hear that the J. B. Lippincott Company have secured the American book rights of Dr. Conan Doyle's new story now running serially in the *Strand Magazine*, entitled *The Tragedy of the Korosko*.

❀

The biography of Dr. Phillips Brooks, by Professor A. V. G. Allen, will be published in two volumes by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company. It is to contain numerous letters by Phillips Brooks, and many photographs, and will include also a study of his sermons. Bishop Brooks's chief correspondence was with Miss Weir Mitchell, sister of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the eminent physician and novelist. It is not certain how far this correspondence will be utilised.

❀

Mrs. Sherwood, in her *Epistle to Posterity*, recently published by the Harpers, recalls a little book written by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid just prior to the Civil War, entitled *A Tour in the South with Chief-Justice Chase in 1866*. Mr. Reid was first known as "Agate," a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. The vigour and vivacity of his style, Mrs. Sherwood says, had already made him a great favourite, but this little brochure probably answered more questions and satisfied more people at the North than did more ambitious volumes.

"He travelled with the Chief-Justice to New Orleans and across to Charleston, saw the returned Confederate officers, all of whom said 'they were going to get some new clothes'; questioned the negro, and found out what every one at the North wished to know (it had been a terrible dread), that there was no danger of a negro insurrection ; in fact, he opened for us the long-closed South. This rare pamphlet is, perhaps, as important historically as it was useful at the time."

❀

We are glad to see that Mr. W. J. Dawson, the author of *London Idylls*, *A Story of Hannah*, and *The House of Dreams*, is making his way in the public estimation, and is steadily attracting attention. We hear that his *London Idylls* is to appear in a translation into German. Of his *House of Dreams*, the *British Weekly*, in a lengthy editorial, says :

"It belongs to the same class as Mrs. Oliphant's *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*, and may revive the great popularity of that striking fancy. There is throughout the volume the exercise of a true and reverent imagination, with a firm footing on earth and with the power of easy flight through the world of dreams. . . . It is a book of profound tenderness, and deeply reverent throughout ; the work of a man who finds in earth and heaven alike the sign and token of the cross, and who believes in his heart that the world will end on an Easter day."

The last remark will recall Browning's poem on "Easter Day."

❀

A correspondent writes from Paris that the *Débats*, a Parisian evening paper, is reprinting as a *feuilleton* Marion Crawford's *Witch of Prague*. No one who has once read this book will ever forget it. The story of Simon Abeles is enough to haunt the memory for a lifetime. The novels most in evidence at the present moment in Paris are Pierre Loti's new book, *Ramuntcho* and Paul Bourget's *Recommencements*. The latter contains a remarkable story of a young journalist who obtained an interview from a famous author, and who made his career by resisting the temptation to publish it. He is an excellent model for every one—except the interviewer. As an instance of the queer errors which still creep into the best newspapers in France, our correspondent notes that in *La Patrie* an art critic, in praising the pictures of some beautiful women at one of the Salons, said that they were worthy of the pencil of John Burns—meaning, we presume, Burne-Jones.

❀

Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company announce a second edition of *On the Red*

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Staircase. This story, published a few months ago, has been very popular in the West.

❀

Not long ago, when new material for the Henley Edition of Burns was being sought at home and abroad, a certain modest Scotchman, living in the United States, had an original manuscript lithographed and sent to the publishers. In making acknowledgment of his courtesy on page 406 of the third volume, recently published, they write him down as Mr. W. R. Smith, of Cincinnati, O. There can be no reasonable doubt that a Mr. W. R. Smith does reside in Cincinnati, O. Perhaps several of them. But the Mr. W. R. Smith who possesses an original Burns manuscript resides, and for forty-three years has resided in Washington City as Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens. At present, furthermore, he is President of the Society of American Florists, and for over a generation he has been widely known in this country as the friend of many distinguished men. He has always been at home to them in his little red brick cottage, which nestles well hidden just under the white majesty of the Capitol and at peace in the green plant-world of its own.

❀

The treasure of this house, as it is the pride of his heart, has long been his Burns collection, which fills a small room apart from his general library. How interesting this collection is may be inferred from his own statement that it contains two hundred separate dated editions of Burns out of the six hundred editions which he says have been published throughout the world. To this treasure-house of his beloved poet he expects to add other volumes, to be obtained from the Mitchell Library of Glasgow, which leads all others in Burnsiana. The affection with which he still plans for the further enrichment of his hoard is a passion that began in youth. The first shillings he ever earned, he says, were captured at a village school examination. In the dreadful presence of the dominie and the minister the class had been called up to recite, member by member, stanza in turn, Gray's *Elegy*. They soon stuck. "You go on with it, *Dux*," commanded the dominie. Go on with it he did; and two shillings were laid in his palm for this feat of memory; whereupon he took to his heels and spent his prize for his first volume of "Bobbie."

❀

Among his rare editions he reckons one published at Alexandria, Va., in 1813, during the war with England. Only two copies of this, he says, are known to be in existence. Another is the first American edition. Another is the second American edition, to which belonged the Washington copy now owned by Representative Cabell of Illinois, and held to be priceless. As to the final disposition of his Burns library, he thought at one time of sending it to a Masonic institution in Kentucky, owing to his friendship for the late Senator Beck of that State, another rugged Scotchman whose portrait hangs on the library wall. He has since thought of leaving it to Princeton College, out of regard for the late President McCosh. But his preference is to have it housed at last in Washington, in a room that he would like Mr. Andrew Carnegie to build for it there instead of the one the millionaire is understood to have offered to build in Pittsburg. It would be a pity ever to have the collection removed from Washington, where it is so often visited. When Craibe Angus wanted the loan of it last year for the Burns celebration at Glasgow, Mr. Smith declined to send it, being loath to disappoint his American visitors. In this connection he quoted with some feeling a remark once made by a niece of Burns: "A Scotchman always begins by finding fault with my uncle; but the Americans —they never find fault with him." A Scotchman must come to this country, insisted Mr. Smith, to find out what it means to love the poet of Scotland.

❀

Mrs. F. A. Steel's next book will be a fresh collection of Indian stories, and will be published by Mr. Heinemann in England, and in this country by the Macmillan Company, both of whom have reaped the benefits of a great success in Mrs. Steel's story of the Indian Mutiny.

❀

Mrs. Steel's novel should be read along with Mr. Seton Merriman's *Flot-*

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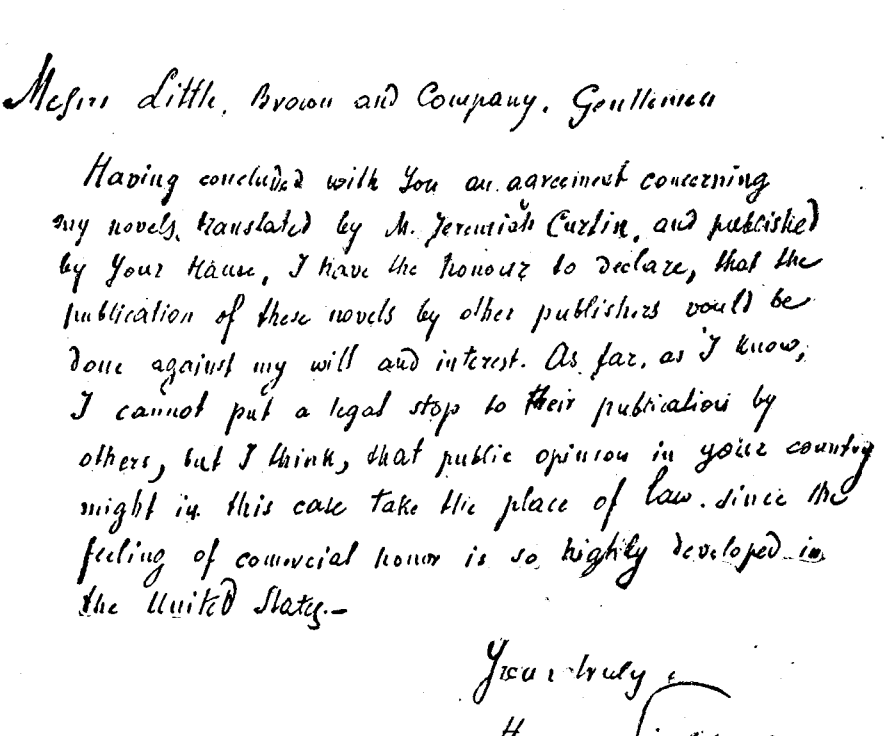
sam. Both are tales of the Indian Mutiny, and there is an interesting contrast as well as a certain superficial resemblance between them. The narrative as told by Mrs. Steel is a series of elaborate pictures full of detail and spread over large canvases. There is little of the rapid action, the fire and frenzy and mad, tumultuous onsets which make the Mutiny live before our eyes in the pages of Mr. Merriman. We see rather the slow working of events, the long-drawn preparations, the movements behind the curtain. Mrs. Steel lacks the fire and imagination to weld her material and mould it into dramatic shape. She has not been able to make her art superior to that of mere historiography. It remains to be said that as a picture of Hindoo life her novel has never been surpassed. It is not a book to be hurried through and forgotten, but deserves a place among the prominent contributions to Indian history. Mrs. Steel is familiar with every corner and alley of this mysterious world in India, and we believe that she spent some months in the poorest quarter of Delhi in order to gather material.

❀

The great popularity of *Quo Vadis* is still increasing. In answer to a number of inquiries concerning the significance of the title, we quote an extract from *Baedeker's Guide to Central Italy*, which gives the "Quo Vadis" legend :



Messrs Little, Brown and Company, Gentlemen

Having concluded with You an agreement concerning my novels, translated by M. Jeremiah Curtin, and published by Your House, I have the honour to declare, that the publication of these novels by other publishers would be done against my will and interest. As far, as I know, I cannot put a legal stop to their publication by others, but I think, that public opinion in your country might in this case take the place of law, since the feeling of comercial honor is so highly developed in the United States.—

Yours truly
Henryk Sienkiewicz

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

The Via Ardeatina now diverges to the right; and on the left stands the small church of Domine Quo Vadis, so named from the legend that St. Peter, fleeing from the death of a martyr, here met his Master and inquired of him, "*Domine quo vadis?*" to which he received the reply, "*Venio iterum crucifigi;*" whereupon the apostle, ashamed of his weakness, returned. A copy of the footprint which Christ

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is said to have impressed on the marble is shown here (originally at S. Sebastiano).

It may be a surprise to many readers to learn that Sienkiewicz writes and speaks English, and that he spent some time many years ago in California. We reproduce in fac-simile a letter which has just been received by his American publishers, and which, it will be seen, is written in good, clear, idiomatic English.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have nearly ready the first two volumes of the new subscription edition of Francis Parkman's works. Dr. Bourinot, whose *Story of Canada*, in the Story of the Nations Series, has been very successful, said recently that any success he had attained in historical writing was largely due to the inspiration he derived as a young man from Parkman's writings.

❀

We condole with the esteemed *Sun* of this city over its failure to excite any general interest in the two words which it has pulled out of the *sermo rusticus* in the hope that it could add them to the accepted vocabulary of the American language. The attempt has been a ghastly failure, but never mind. The *Sun* gave "Mugwump" to the world at large, and that is glory enough. Moreover, Mr. Dana ought to know that only new words that are needed ever gain a general currency. "Mugwump" was needed, but "spanguliken" and "syfax" are not.

❀

The death of Professor George M. Lane, of Harvard University, which took place on the 30th of June, has deprived the world of scholarship of the nearest approach to the ideal of classicist that we may ever hope to see. A man of the world in the highest and best sense of the word, a profound and original scholar, a student of general literature, who had at his tongue's end all that was finest and most truly illustrative in recorded thought, his teaching was a stimulus and his influence an inspiration to all who ever sat under his instruction. He published little; but few of the important works put forth by any of his old pupils failed to acknowledge a lasting obligation to his suggestion and criticism. A portion of the Latin Grammar which he hoped some day to produce has been in type for some time, and the Messrs. Harper express the hope that enough of the manuscript of the remaining part will be found among his papers to justify

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GEORGE M LANE.

them in publishing the book, with the lacunæ perhaps filled out by some able specialist like Professor William Gardner Hale, who was, we believe, in his undergraduate days a student at Harvard under Professor Lane.

❀

Wagnerian literature has almost outgrown classification. The master of Bayreuth has been treated from every possible point of view, and, consequently, histories of his life and criticisms of his artistic and philosophical theories occupy nearly as many shelves in the public libraries as Shakesperiana. Still another book has recently appeared, *Le Voyage artistique à Bayreuth*, by Albert Lavignac, of which Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in the autumn an English translation by Esther Singleton. Many literary and musical critics consider this the most comprehensive and interesting survey of the man and his works that has as yet been written. In one sense it might be termed a Wagnerian Baedeker, as it is a

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EDWARD BELLAMY IN 1889.

guide to Bayreuth and through the labyrinth of the music-dramas. It also contains a short biography of Wagner and a description of each opera. The principal motives are quoted, and especially valuable are the ingenious tables that accompany them, enabling the reader to see at a glance the recurrence of each theme and its relation to the great musical puzzle. This book is almost a necessity to the Wagnerian student and enthusiast.

❀

Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose sequel to *Looking Backward* has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, was born in 1850, and has always had his home in his native village of Chicopee Falls, Mass., which has become an integral part of the city of Chicopee. He comes of a clerical ancestry, and the plain, comfortable house in which he lives was formerly the home of his father, a Baptist clergyman much beloved by the community. He entered Union College at Schenectady, but did not graduate ; then he studied law and qualified for the bar, but has never practised. He had travelled in Europe, where he spent a year in Germany, and had undertaken a journey to Hawaii before he began to make his imprint on literature. Like so many other writers who have won success in the literary field through journalism, Mr. Bellamy first essayed his talents on the New York *Evening Post*, and thereafter on the Springfield *Union*. Before he became the social reformer in *Looking Backward*, which was about ten years ago, he had already made several experiments in romantic fiction, which were distinguished by their exquisite imaginative quality and by their startling psychical theories of life. Readers of twenty years ago may remember "The Blind Man's World" and "To Whom this May Come" and other striking stories which appeared in the magazines of that day ; while others will retain a pleasanter memory of *Doctor Heidenhoff's Process* and *Miss Ludington's Sister*, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. *Miss Ludington's Sister* has lingered longest in our memory, and the impression made upon the mind of the writer upon reading this romance prior to the publication of *Looking Backward* will not soon be forgotten. Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, who reviews the new book *Equality* on another page, was one of the earliest to feel the propelling influence of *Looking Backward*, her very successful novel, *Metzerott Shoemaker*, published two years later, having been largely inspired by Mr. Bellamy's economic romance.

❀

Mr. George Gissing's new novel, entitled *The Whirlpool*, which has been much talked about during the last few months in London, will be published in this country in the autumn by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

❀

A collection of sea stories which, published in England several months ago, has been attracting a good deal of attention there, has just been published here by the Messrs. Stokes Company. *Many Cargoes*, by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, is one of the few really amusing books of recent years, and its fun is without sting or stain. We are not surprised after reading these stories to learn that Mr. Jacobs, though born in London, comes of seafaring folk. His great-grandfather was a skipper, and conveyed one of the

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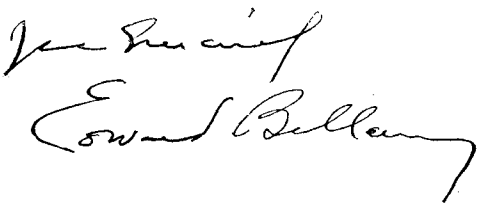
royal Georges across to Flushing in his brig. Mr. Jacobs, though for the last thirteen years he has been a civil servant in the Post-Office, has had some nautical experiences of his own. As a boy he was ambitious to be a sailor, and spent a summer holiday going around to Wales on a schooner. With all his ambition Mr. Jacobs never became a skipper, but his interest in seafaring men and things never dwindled, and for some years he lived on a wharf, where he unconsciously acquired the knowledge of small coasting craft, which he has used so effectively in his stories. His success in connection with an amateur magazine at the Post Office, which began about ten years ago, prompted him to appeal to a wider audience, and *Many Cargoes* is the result. Although his writing shows no sign of elaboration, he is a very patient, careful worker. During the last six months he has been engaged on a story of thirty thousand words, which will appear serially under the title *The Skipper's Wooing*, and will be published in book form in the autumn. He is also planning a longer story, but has nothing definite to say about it yet.

❀

The American edition of the *Review of Reviews* begins a new volume with its July number under an expanded title, which more clearly defines its position among its contemporaries. The title which it is to bear in future is *The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, but we can possibly foresee the time when this will reduce itself in popular parlance to *The American Monthly*. To this title it may lay full claim, for since Dr. Albert Shaw took hold of the languishing English *Review of Reviews*, when on its trial in an imported shape, it has shown from the first number a distinct American tone, and has grown to its present proportions and authoritative standing in the United States through the splendid enterprise and ability of its American editor. Its relation to other magazines has ceased for long to be merely that of a summary and compendium of their best contents, as the title *Review of Reviews* taken literally would suggest; it has an independent voice of its own, notably in the timely contributions to international and world-wide topics commanding universal and immediate attention. The point of view is clearly and unmistakably American. Dr. Shaw's great monthly is a courageous attempt to take down current history in shorthand, so that we have the quickest possible intelligent account, combining chronicle and comment, of what is happening in the world. If the time is coming, as a magazine editor predicted the other day, when all our dailies and weeklies shall have run into monthlies, then *The American Monthly* will be the forerunner and the model of the great monthly newspaper.



❀

Who would guess that a book with the title *Yellow Pine Basin* was a work of fiction? When it came into our hands a few weeks ago it impressed us as being peculiarly interesting to the timber merchant or to the patriotic

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HENRY G. CATLIN.

American zealous for the preservation of our great forests. A similar mistake was made in many quarters when *The Story of an African Farm* was published some years ago, the title being suggestive of the culture of the soil rather than of the soul; and the design on the cover of *Yellow Pine Basin*, with its tall pines and winding pathway cutting through the woods, did not help to make the illusion of the title vanish. But an allusion to the book as portraying one of the most striking and original types of character this country has seen—namely, the prospector, caused us to examine its pages more closely, and to find that we had barely missed making the acquaintance of a character as rare in our fiction as he was remarkable in our history. A notice of the book appears in another column. Here we may say that the author, Mr. Henry G. Catlin, generally known to his friends as Major Catlin, is a mining engineer, and in following his profession has passed a great part of his life among the scenes and characters described in *Yellow Pine Basin*. Since the war with the South, in which he played a part, Mr. Catlin has lived much in the West, where he became familiar with the background of his story. It was only at the instigation of a friend, who overheard him relating some of his bygone adventures in the West, that he ventured to shape them into fiction. With no literary ambition, and scarce any literary capacity, he has written a plain, straightforward narrative, which will touch those who read it, because of its simplicity, its stamp of reality, and its appeal to the heart.

❀

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have begun a colonial library with the works of Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren.

❀

We hear that there is some prospect of a new uniform edition of the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling being prepared for publication in England. The arrangement of the stories, poems, etc., will be the same as in the Outward Bound edition now being issued by Messrs. Scribner for publication only in America. It would be a pity that the American—which cannot of course be imported into England—should be the only uniform edition of the works of so distinguished a writer, and we trust that this rumour is correct.

❀

The Choir Invisible, by Mr. James Lane Allen, published just two months ago, is already in its fifth edition at the time of writing. This completes the twenty-fourth thousand. We notice from the English press that Mr. Allen has also begun to make an impression on the other side, where within a few weeks a second edition of *The Choir Invisible* has been called for.

❀

The Macmillan Company will publish in book-form in October the very interesting illustrated series of papers on *The Story of Gladstone*, which have been appearing during the year in the monthly numbers of the *Outlook*. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the author of these memoirs, has also added a new volume to his popular *History of Our Own Times*, which is noticed on another page. The volume has been published apart from his preceding volumes, and may be read for the sake of the events described in its pages; but we shall hope to see very soon a new and uniform edition of Mr. McCarthy's *History* inclusive of the new volume.

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Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Bret Harte, and Ian Maclaren have all promised to contribute to the series of articles "My Favourite Novelist and his Best Work," now appearing in *Munsey's Magazine*.

❀

Mr. Munsey has just returned from a visit to England, where he has made some valuable connections. He proposes to establish an edition of his magazine in England, if not this autumn, then in the autumn of next year. His plan is not to put it in the hands of an English publisher, but to send over an American manager, and have his own publication office. Mr. Munsey has selected Mr. Max Pemberton to follow Mr. Hall Caine with a serial. Mr. Pemberton's popularity with editors in both countries seems to be on the increase, and his resources are apparently inexhaustible.

❀

We are glad to learn that the late Mrs. Oliphant's great work, *The History of the House of Blackwood*, is left practically complete in two volumes. From this unpublished work, the crowning work of her life, we quote the following words, very significant and touching in their loyalty, as coming from one who for nearly half a century had been closely identified with the literary interests of "Maga":

"It has been the fate of *Blackwood's Magazine* to secure a genuine attachment from its contributors more than any other literary organ has ever had. The same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own personality, though they know very well what is their own share in them, and maintaining a generous pride in the vessel, which would be but a paltry feeling were it translated into a mere self complacence as to their own achievements. I hope this is being kept up in the younger generation; it certainly was very strong in the past."

This passage is printed in an obituary notice written by Mr. Blackwood in the July number of his magazine, in which he speaks of Mrs. Oliphant's connection with *Blackwood's* as forming one of those

MRS. M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

friendships that "go to preserve all that is best and most inspiring in the traditions of letters." It is interesting to note that Mrs. Oliphant was already an old contributor when she wrote her first "Christmas Tale" for the memorable number in which George Eliot began the *Scenes of Clerical Life*.

❀

Mrs. Oliphant generally wrote at night, after her family and guests had retired, and she frequently wrote till early in the morning. She had one daughter, who, like her husband, died at Rome of the terrible Roman fever; she was then writing *Agnes*, her most powerful story. On another page of this number there will be found an appreciation of her life and work from the pen of Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

❀

With regard to Canadian copyright, there seems to be a very general feeling in Canada that before long a law will

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be passed on the following general lines. As soon as a book is published in England it shall be open to any one to make application to Ottawa for the right of issuing a special Canadian edition. The Government will then write to the English publisher asking whether any arrangements have been made with a Canadian firm, and giving a definite time for reply. Should there be no response, or the reply be in the negative, the applicant will receive permission to issue the book at whatever price he chooses, providing he pays to the Government a royalty of ten per cent on the published price of all copies sold. This royalty the Government will then forward to the English author or publisher. It stands to reason that no American or English edition of the book will be allowed into the country.

❀

The great question which is still in dispute is whether the Canadian publisher shall enter into negotiations with the English publisher or shall deal directly with the English author. Of course some Canadian publishers, chiefly, we think, small and not very representative firms, will not recognise the right of the English publisher to interfere in the matter; but the majority, who, for years, have had exceedingly pleasant business relations with England, are very anxious to continue on the same footing. They say to the English publisher: "When you have a book coming out by some popular author you should write to us suggesting terms for the Canadian edition. The best thing you can do is to supply us with a set of stereotype plates, and we would print an edition from them, and would thus save all the expense of composition. Instead of the ten per cent which would be forwarded you by Government if you made no such arrangement, we might very well be able to pay you a royalty of fifteen or even twenty per cent, which you could divide with the author." This plan seems feasible enough, and would, we think, work well for both the publisher and the author. The English publisher would still be able to control the price of the Canadian edition, and he would, of course, only make arrangements with firms whose commercial standing and capabilities were well known to him; in fact, the Canadian publisher would to all intents and purposes act as his agent.

❀

Two points must be remembered. The new law must on no account be retroactive, or the general confusion that will inevitably ensue is awful to contemplate. And then it must not be forgotten that the reading public of Canada is not large, and that only in the case of a few very popular writers will a Canadian edition have the least chance of success. A few Canadian publishers hope for great things when the new law comes into force. Unless they are very careful they will burn their fingers badly.

❀

Ian Maclaren's new religious work, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will be entitled *The Potter's Wheel*. An Ian Maclaren *Year-Book* and *Calendar* are also being compiled for publication in England and in America during the autumn season.

❀

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, who has for some time been neglecting literature for the more opulent prizes of the city, is again at work. His new book, which will be a romantic story of modern adventure, is already well advanced, and will be finished by the autumn. It will be published serially before appearing in book form.

❀

Tennyson's poem of "St. Telemachus" originated thus. Lord Tennyson, one day when Dean Farrar was walking with him, asked him to suggest the subject of a poem. After thinking a moment he suggested the story of St. Telemachus leaping down into the amphitheatre, and by his self-devoted martyrdom putting an end forever to the hideous butcheries of the gladiatorial games, a scene which Dean Farrar has described in his *Gathering Clouds*, and which is the subject of the famous picture "The Gladiators." To his surprise, Tennyson had never heard the story, and was much struck with it. He asked the Dean to send him, when he returned, all the authorities on the subject. That was easily done, for it rests on the single authority of the Greek ecclesiastical historian Theodoret. The Dean sent him the passage in the original Greek, and he clothed it in the magnificent poem, which may be read in almost his

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latest volume, *The Death of Œnone, and Other Poems.*

❀

There is a great deal said about typographical errors in newspapers. They form a subject of infinite jest. But apparently very few book readers ever notice proof errors; at least, if they do, they say very little about them. One wonders, for example, how many readers of Mary Anderson's *A Few Memories* noticed this sentence in Chapter II. (page 23), where Madame de Navarro is describing her visit to what she calls "a little God's Acre." "I went there frequently and worked myself into a sham sentimental sadness, actually shedding tears over the graves of the defunct farmers and their *relics*." Book proofs are generally read for both "errors" and "sense," as they say in the proof-reader's room, and the revised proof that is sent to the author "queries" the use of any word or phrase that is open to question. Apparently, the word "relic" is here used for "relict," as in conversation many people from carelessness or ignorance use "statute" for "statue," or vice versa. It is, of course, possible that Madame de Navarro did not refer to the spouses of the deceased farmers, but used the word "relics" in the same sense in which one uses it when describing the bones of some saint. This seems the more probable, because Madame de Navarro is so devout a Catholic. At any rate, gallantry moves us to give the popular favourite the benefit of the doubt. At the same time, the proof-reader who read for "sense" can hardly be acquitted of a dereliction in duty in not pointing out to her the possible misconstruction. In any case, the phrase serves as a text for our original inquiry, How many readers notice proof errors in books?

❀

The novel of psychology presents an inviting and interesting problem to the observant critic. It is rarely popular, and yet there are few novelists who, once they are successful in other fields, do not attempt it sooner or later. It is related of E. P. Roe that, when his great popularity was at its zenith, he proposed to write a novel in the style of Henry James and W. D. Howells, who were at that time a couple of much-talked-of writers. He felt that he could do it if he spent two years instead of one in working it out; but his friends, wiser in their generation than many of the present, preferred to take the will for the deed, and constrained the novelist to desist from his awful purpose. E. P. Roe the author of a psychological novel! "Preposterous," you say, and we agree. Yet it is what many kindred writers of the present day are doing when they might be making stories of incident and adventure for which they have some talent and which would get beyond the booksellers' tables. The problem novel may interest the few who have ulterior aims than mere entertainment in their reading, but the great mass of readers buy fiction to be amused. The dramatic instinct asserts itself to a larger degree than the psychological—the play's the thing! Watch the intending purchaser as he or she cons the pages of one book after another, and you will find that in most cases the book whose pages bristle with dialogue receives the preference. It was upon this theory that *McClure's Magazine* was founded, and it has won its way in spite of, or, rather, because of the more serious and weightier magazines. Our readers are aware that we do not always approve of *Munsey's Magazine* when it poses as an authority in literary affairs, but the fact cannot be gainsaid that it has liberally met the demand we are speaking of as so universal and prevalent, and thereby hangs its tale of success. This is by no means a plea for the sensational and melodramatic in fiction, but a simple observation of certain facts, let it stand for what it may. A distinguished man of letters remarked in our hearing only the other day that, great lover as he was of Stevenson, there were periods of relaxation from literary labours when a story in *Munsey's* afforded greater satisfaction. Even Andrew Lang admits that he *might* read Marie Corelli more frequently than Molière!

❀

The same rule holds good in art. We find an entry in the journal of an artist in 1853 which contains the following interesting corroboration of our thesis:

"I wish, as a painter, that I had a greater dramatic interest in life. . . . I am too easily content with beauty. The world cares a little about beauty, but much more for dramatic situation and a story. In the Vernon Gallery [written in 1853] the 'Marriage à la Mode' overwhelms everything else in public interest."

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Sincerely Yours
Richard Harding Davis.

Since he first became widely known to the reading world by the publication of his *Gallegher*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis has experienced a very uneven treatment at the hands of literary analists, book-reviewers, and critics. He has been praised extravagantly; he has been guyed unmercifully; he has been hailed as a rising genius, and he has been damned as a superficial scribbler; his style has been picked to pieces; personal anecdotes about him, all more or less apocryphal, have gone the rounds of the American press; he has even had the real misfortune to be styled "the American Dickens." Yet however this treatment may have varied, and whether the critics may have praised or sneered, Mr. Davis must have found a certain philosophic pleasure in one very conspicuous fact — it has been impossible to ignore him; and his books have sold by the tens of thousands.

It is always a mistake for one who takes literature quite seriously to record snap-judgments upon writers who are still in their novitiate, and to attempt to estimate their fundamental qualities from the data afforded by one or two preliminary successes. The case of Hugh Conway and of Mr. John Habberton and of Mr. Stephen Crane may serve as warnings against these rash and reckless attempts which necessarily partake much more of prophecy than of prescience. But now that Mr. Davis has gone steadily on from book to book, each one of which has met with popular approval; now that he has essayed more than a single form of literary production, and has enlarged his field of effort so as to include not merely the short story and the book of travel and

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the novelette, but with his latest book,* a seriously intended and lengthy novel, it is neither premature nor at all unfair to set down at the present time a formal opinion as to his literary manner and his methods, as to his merits and his limitations, and, in a tentative way at least, as to his proper rank among contemporary American writers.

One may always derive a certain amount of intellectual satisfaction from an attempt to trace in any writer's artistic evolution the effect of those influences that are external and that belong to his personal environment and occupation. For these influences, while they do not create any qualities that were previously non-existent, do nevertheless almost inevitably perform a very important function in determining the final proportion and relation of any particular quality to the sum of all the qualities, developing and cultivating the one and subordinating the others. And this is truest when a special environment possesses some immediate relation to the writer's artistic temperament; for if it have no such relation at all it may generally be ignored. Thus, Mr. Austin Dobson's long connection with the Board of Trade need scarcely be considered in estimating the influences that have moulded his literary tastes and developed his cult of the rococo and the *précieux*. It is simply a thing apart, as much so as though it belonged to the life of another man. But when the environment is one that directly acts upon the imagination and the artistic point of view, then it is impossible for a literary analyst to neglect it. This thesis has so lately been worked out by the present writer in his estimate of Mr. Howells, recorded in these pages several months ago, as to make an elaboration of it quite unnecessary here, and we may at once proceed to apply it to the case of Mr. Davis; for in his work we shall find a very admirable and convincing demonstration of its truth.

A careful reading of all that Mr. Davis has yet written will show to the discerning critic the existence of some wholly unrelated qualities. Thus, it may be truly said of him that he possesses inherently a quick, unerring grasp of the essential as distinguished from the non-essential elements of a scene or of a situation; that he was born with a selective and discriminating mind—that he is naturally an intellectual impressionist. But it may also be said with equal truth that he has a distinctly imaginative side to his mentality, a sensitive feeling for the undercurrents, and a romantic strain that is to some extent unusual in a mind so keenly alive to the existent and the actual. Now, granting the possession by Mr. Davis of these two distinct temperamental qualities, it is to environment and to extraneous causes that we must look in seeking to explain the actual relation between them in his literary work. It is easy to conceive of conditions that would have subordinated and minimised his power of observation while developing and stimulating his romantic side. In that case we should have had from him to-day a very different sort of literature. As it is, the circumstances of his earlier years have wrought primarily the opposite result, and his subsequent environment has given to his talents a particular and special direction concerning which we shall have more to say hereafter.

As everybody knows, the first writing of any kind that Mr. Davis had to do was done in the office of a great metropolitan newspaper. Like Mr. Howells, he began to put his thoughts and observations upon paper under the influences that direct and dominate the journalist, the reporter. Now with a great many hyperæsthetic persons the very name "reporter" connotes literary qualities that are little better than contemptible; though we cannot, for the life of us, see why this should be so. There is, to be sure, a great deal of slipshod, inaccurate, and flamboyant trash indited every day in the year by newspaper reporters; but so is there also a great deal of maudlin and idiotic balderdash put forth by persons styling themselves poets; and there is no reason why because some reporters write crudely their profession should be held in more disrespect than that of the versifier; and, as a matter of fact, the most incompetent reporter is in his way quite certain to be far superior to the feeblest poet, for if he had no merit at all he would lose his place and cease to be a reporter; whereas no process short of assault and battery has yet been discovered to throttle the chronic cater-

* Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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wauling of the putid poet. And, in truth, the reporter who in any way comes up to the standards of his profession must possess some very unusual and very admirable qualities. His observation must be quick and accurate, his power of discrimination must be keen, his writing must be precise, nervous, rapid, picturesque, forceful, and entertaining. In its own way one cannot well imagine anything more admirable, even from a literary point of view, than such reporting as that of Mr. Howells and Rudyard Kipling must have been or as that of Mr. Steevens has been lately shown to be.

This sort of experience, then, was undoubtedly for Mr. Davis a very excellent school of training, as it had proved for the writers who have just been mentioned ; but the fact of his having begun his career as a reporter has in his case a much greater importance than it had in that of Mr. Howells and of Mr. Kipling. For with them it served merely to give point and vigour to their respective styles, and to sharpen powers of observation that were already naturally acute. With Mr. Davis, however, it was something far more serious and fundamental ; it gave him permanently a point of view, an attitude toward his work and toward his readers, that is the most characteristic thing perceptible throughout his writing. This point of view, this mental attitude, is the journalistic, as opposed to the purely literary. It is one that really serves to explain the essential difference between the work of the trained professional journalist and that of the accomplished literary artist. When the maker of pure literature sits down to study a theme and finally to give his studies definite form, his motive is entirely artistic. He views his subject from the standpoint of ideal completeness and perfection, moulding his creation with no thought in mind but the thought of how he shall best develop all its possibilities according to the highest conception of his art, writing solely to please himself because he loves his work and because he is striving to unite the best of what is in his theme with the very best of what is in himself. What he does may or may not appeal to others. Of that he for the moment takes no heed ; but it must at least represent the sincerest effort of which he is himself capable ; and when done, he judges his own work solely by the standard of his own ideals.

On the other hand, the journalist, when he writes, invariably sets before himself objective standards. His leading motive springs from no desire for absolute perfection or for abstract symmetry and completeness. It is not for himself that he is writing, but for others ; and his standards change according to the necessities of the moment. He seeks to please, to inform, to entertain ; and he writes in such a way as will, he thinks, give to his immediate constituency the desired pleasure and information and entertainment. He wants to do his work in a ship-shape, workmanlike way ; but the manner and the means are not evolved from his own intense perception of what is essentially and eternally best, but from his knowledge of the persons for whom he writes. In describing anything he will not seek to make a finished picture with a due adjustment of light and shade, and with a sense of absolute proportion and relation ; he will not even strive to note down the things that he himself may personally view as most important ; but he will, with a subtle instinct, pick out at once the facts and observations which he feels sure that his readers wish to know, and will subordinate his own conception of the theme to theirs. In other words, he is a dispenser and not a creator ; a purveyor and not an artist.

Now Mr. Davis, during his apprenticeship to the mysteries of journalism in some of the most impressionable years of his life, became most thoroughly imbued with the journalistic theory of writing. It appealed to one side of his mentality—the practical, effective, American side ; and he let it master him and become his predominating motive. He thoroughly comprehended its nature and its meaning ; and he thought it very good. No one has ever expressed this spirit so perfectly as he has done in that passage of his story called "The Reporter Who Became a King," where he has written a sort of prose pæan upon the splendid ardour and the almost epic devotion that animate the journalist. And hence one notes down first of all that in most of what he writes he shows the instinct of the journalist in picking out unerringly the interesting things, suppressing rigidly what, from the journalistic point of view, would impede the

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swift, smooth flow of his narration, and going without the slightest hesitation from point to point, always confident, never hesitating, sometimes inadequate, but never for a moment dull. He is absolutely certain of what his readers want, and he gives it to them with a quite magnificent precision and cocksureness.

Now, as the work of a journalist is primarily conditioned by the demands of his readers, the nature and quality of his work will necessarily be very largely dependent upon the character of his constituency. Hence, one may very naturally ask, for whom is Mr. Davis writing? What class of readers has he immediately before his mind? The answer to this question serves to explain some of the most striking features of his work. To come directly to the point, Mr. Davis is writing for a body of readers to whom no American author has ever before appealed. He is writing for the still nebulous and inchoate, but gradually uniting fragments of what will at some time crystallise into a well-defined social caste. He is writing for those persons who have definite and intelligent social purposes and ideals.

On some other occasion it may be worth while to consider in detail, as an instructive sociological study, the evolution of an American aristocracy which our country is now witnessing. The thing is not only very curious, but it has features about it that are intensely interesting as well as occasionally amusing; but at the present time it is not possible to do much more than mention it. Nevertheless, something must be said to render the literary purpose of Mr. Davis quite intelligible; and that purpose is a very excellent proof of his shrewdness, just as the way in which he is carrying it out is so extremely clever as to reach almost the line where talent passes into genius.

Mr. Davis is writing for the American aristocracy of the immediate future and for the persons who are anxious for its final recognition. What was in the past regarded as an American aristocracy was one of native growth, one that descended in part from colonial tradition and was gradually modified by democratic institutions, one that was not in violent contrast with its surroundings, one that in its mode of life was akin to the life of the upper middle classes in England, and one that began to decay at the end of the Civil War. It was provincial rather than cosmopolitan. It was comfortable rather than splendid. It is now decidedly moribund and faded, and it is rapidly ceasing to be regarded as anything but essentially plebeian. In its place is growing up in spots a newer, extremely modern and very showy substitute, which will ultimately, we think, obtain a definite place in the queer conglomeration of our American life. Its manifestations are at present decidedly sporadic, for its members are not very certain of themselves and are quaking inwardly at their own pretensions. Nine-tenths of them are domiciled in and about New York, and the rest are dispersed in gorgeous isolation throughout the larger cities of the East and South. Everybody knows of them. Everybody knows that at present they are rather in the air, and have not gone much further in the attainment of distinction than the possession of money and an illimitable desire for recognition at the hands of the world at large. They have drawn their inspiration from England; and continual travel back and forth upon the Cunard steamers has taught them things; so that in externals they are able to produce a very fair imitation of their chosen model. They can regularly enjoy their morning tub. They can breakfast on muffins and orange marmalade. They can substitute Rossbach for Apollinaris and drink Irroy instead of Mumm. They can import English grooms and the proper brand of Egyptian cigarettes. They can discover the exact altitude at which it is proper to shake hands. They can give hunting breakfasts and sport the pink. They can build country-houses here and there, and have people down whom they entertain with a certain amount of uneasy self-consciousness. They can do a great many other similar things, and when they are alone together they can almost believe that the whole pretence is real. But unfortunately, a remnant of American humour still lingers in their minds, and they are dreadfully troubled by the latent fear that no one else is taking them quite seriously, that they are not impressive, that, in fact, they may just possibly be the least bit absurd. They know themselves, of course, that they are precious vessels, but they are rather disquieted

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by the thought that the horrid people about them may not fully understand this. They wonder how they actually appear as others see them. It has been the miraculous good fortune of Mr. Richard Harding Davis to reassure them on this point and to make them feel comparatively easy in their minds. Mr. Davis is their discoverer in literature, and he has held his mirror up to them in a way that is not only a supreme achievement of the journalistic spirit, but is so absolutely clever as to merit an even greater popularity than he has as yet enjoyed.

Mr. Davis invented Van Bibber; and Van Bibber is the new American swell, not precisely as he is in life, but as he would like to be, and as his sisters and his friends' sisters would greatly like to have him. He is an ideal, an aspiration. He is always irreproachably dressed, and has a "man." He is imperturbable and nonchalant and insouciant, and appears duly bored by everything. But at a moment's notice he can infuse into his manner the proper amount of hauteur when an inferior person addresses him with a lack of due respect; and when he is roused he is a regular Ouida's Guardsman, and can overpower a burglar and annihilate a cad with perfect ease. He is sumptuous in his manner of living, so that he is occasionally troubled by his own extravagance; but he always has plenty of money in his pocket. Sometimes, but rarely, he strolls down into the lower part of the city, and looks at the people who are hard at work there, with a surprised, but perfectly tolerant amusement. He knows very beautiful and well-dressed ladies, and is always seeing them off on steamers or riding with them in the Park or having tender little reminiscences with them. Sometimes at night he steals away to look at prize-fights with some friendly but perfectly respectful bruiser who regards him with proper awe as being a gentleman; and he visits servants' balls, where he dances with the maids and with their friends, to their entirely natural embarrassment and delight. Even elevator boys and district messengers recognise his superiority at a glance, and we are sure that no more striking tribute to his patrician manner could have been imagined by his creator. Altogether, Van Bibber is a delightful being—brave, witty, affable, and, above all, intensely aristocratic; and when Mr. Davis displayed him to the budding aristocracy of our native land, and assured them that they were such as he, was it not natural that gratitude should well forth from the hearts of many youths and from the hearts of the youths' sisters and of the sisters of their friends, and of countless thousands of other young girls throughout the country? For these had been reading the most fascinating English novels, lo! these many years, only to put them down with a long, yearning sigh, because of the remoteness of all this magnificence, and because they could never hope to see with their own eyes any of the splendid beings of whom Mrs. Alexander and the Duchess tell. And now, right at their very doors, they find a revelation sent to them by the mouth of Mr. Davis and in the person of Van Bibber. Here they can enjoy the same delightful atmosphere of clubs and parks, of beautiful young men in well-cut clothes, of dainty little dinners where antique silver and exquisite crystal placed among bowls of roses reflect the soft glow of the shaded lights, of bachelor chambers spread with tiger-skins and crammed with every kind of the most expensive bric-à-brac, of discreetly refined love-making, and they hear never a word of business, but only of what is sumptuous and careless and the essence of Good Style and irreproachable Form. Surely, great is Van Bibber, and Mr. Davis is his prophet!

Mr. Davis, then, in the spirit of the inspired journalist, writes first of all for a constituency of very young men and interesting girls, for it is these who are as yet the heart and soul of our American patriciate. Their elders, who, in vernacular parlance, are putting up the money for the whole thing, have not yet reached the point where they can enter into all its subtleties or care about its presentation in literary form. Their souls, as a rule, are still anxious about many things—about the rise and fall of stocks, about Chicago Gas, and about inconvenient but receptive legislatures. They lack themselves, in many cases, the Van Bibber form, and they are still sometimes a little uncertain about their participles. Hence Mr. Davis very cleverly ignores them, and his pictures glow with youth and are filled with an endless procession of the young and

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fair, with their loves, their pastimes, and their clothes.

Now if we were to stop right here we should be doing Mr. Davis and his work a very serious injustice—the injustice that comes from the utterance of only half the truth. What has just been said is true, and it is the justification of our original thesis that environment and association develop certain qualities at the expense of others. In Mr. Davis the inartistic side has been developed and the romantic side has been subordinated. But, though subordinated, this still exists, and it is still perpetually felt in all his work to inspire a regret that it is not his predominant and leading note. Nevertheless, his real merit—and this is very great—comes largely from its presence. Even Van Bibber and the Van Bibber *monde* are made not only interesting, but plausible and pleasing, through its influence. Mingled with much that is rather juvenile and callow, are touches of imagination, a distinctly sympathetic feeling, and a genuine humour that raise the whole thing to a really serious level. A hundred little turns of sentiment and tenderness meet us and reveal a quite unusual talent and a delicate perception of artistic possibilities. Take, for instance, the story of Van Bibber's heroic attempt at economising. There is real humour in this sketch. Take again the very slightest thing that Mr. Davis ever did—Van Bibber's adventure with the two little girls of the East Side in the swan-boats—and any one might be proud to have written that, so full is it of sympathy and of a tenderness that is felt rather than actually expressed. And in that most discussed of all his stories—"The Other Woman"—Mr. Davis has given us a bit of writing that not only entertains, but makes one think and wonder, as does his other famous story of the returned explorer who tells his tale in a dim half-light and leaves us with a mystery to muse upon. Mr. Davis's artistic instinct has taught him the meaning of the classic *manum de tabula*, and he is particularly happy in the self-restraint of his endings. He knows when to stop, and he always leaves us with a sense of his tact and taste. Very pretty and finished, for instance, is the conclusion of his *Princess Aline*, which has a pathetic little feeling to it that is very pleasing; for if Mr. Davis in his pictures of life does not go very deep down into the recesses of human nature, he at any rate goes deep enough to touch the source of laughter and of tears. Nor is it only within a single sphere that he can find the humour and the pathos. One passage of "The Exiles" is especially to be remembered as giving us one of the most human touches that we have ever noted in a modern story. The scene is in Tangier on the African coast, that strange, weird place beyond the reach of laws, where the unclassed and discredited of every nation form a motley society of their own. A boodle alderman from New York, who is living there beyond the risk of extradition, looks wistfully over the sea while taking leave of one visitor who is able to return to civilisation without any fear of consequences, and he says:

"'I'll tell you what you *can* do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. Will you? That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall, and the Third Avenue L-cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight; ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's, and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it? Well,' he laughed and shook his head. 'I'll be back there some day, won't I,' he said, wistfully, 'and hear it for myself?'"

We don't know how this speech may seem to other persons, but surely no New Yorker, born and bred, can read it without a certain stirring of the heart that gives even to a boodle alderman a claim upon his sympathies. Mr. Davis, in fact, because of the predominance in him of the journalistic motive, is a photographer rather than an artist; but he is a very skilful and adept photographer. He understands perfectly the grouping and the pose, and he can retouch his photographs so deftly as to make them almost new creations. Van Bibber, for instance, is a photograph most marvellously retouched to flatter the subject of it, and we think that retouching such as this almost deserves to be considered art.

In his latest novel now before us, Mr. Davis exemplifies a notion that is a fa-

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vourite one of his, and that lies at the base of several of his other stories, especially "The Exiles" and *The Princess Aline*, to the effect that what will most appeal to the general reader is a story whose scenes and incidents are novel and romantic, but whose characters are in the main those whom we intimately know. This notion is a fairly obvious one, and has found ample illustration in many popular books, from the Young America Series of Oliver Optic to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is, of course, absolutely true. There are those who love the striking and unknown; and there are those who love the familiar and the usual. Both sets are appealed to in a book whose scene is laid in a South American Republic seething with revolution and political intrigue, and with treacherous half-breed armies, a crafty, unscrupulous president, a beautiful Spanish woman, an English soldier of fortune, and an Irish-American adventurer in the background; but with the action mainly carried on by an American civil engineer and his assistants, together with a yachtsman styled "Reggie," a New York capitalist, and the capitalist's two beautiful daughters who drop down upon Olancho from Fifth Avenue just in time to be drawn into the whirl. The story is brisk and exciting; it mingles happily the Van Bibber elements with fighting, plotting, and romantic love; and the reader is quite carried away by the dash and spirit of the narrative.

The book to us is chiefly interesting, however, for two or three special points that may be noted in it. The first is the evidence which it affords that Mr. Davis has got himself quite well in hand, and that his wanderings over the face of the earth have given him at last a proper grasp upon his own material. To be very frank, he had at one time very much to learn. Some of the pages of his book on Paris and of his later book on South America were almost pathetic in their innocent naïveté, and their assumption that what was new to their author was also new to others; and they went far to explain, though not to justify, a very cruel epigram to the effect that Mr. Davis's ignorance must have been acquired, since no one could possibly have been born with quite so large a stock of it. But in *Soldiers of Fortune* there is nothing of the sort. Here Mr. Davis has made no "breaks;" he has his local colour to perfection; he knows how to take certain things for granted; and his English, with the exception of one split infinitive, is free from the awkward and ambiguous turns of speech that were the worst inheritance from his reportorial days.

A second thing to note is the fact that he has now safely attained to the point at which a novel of the orthodox length is possible to him. He has graduated from the short story, and in the future may produce a serious work of fiction as good in its way as the best of his shorter tales. In *Soldiers of Fortune* he has not done it, though he has given us a spirited and entertaining book; but he has got his hand in, so to speak, and the rest will doubtless follow in good time.

In conclusion, it is also to be recorded that he is still writing for the swell young girl. The hero of this book, one Robert Clay, is a young girl's hero, a creature quite impossible in life. We should say that his age is somewhere about thirty; yet in that short space he has risen from a childhood of the deepest poverty, has made himself one of the most remarkable of living engineers, has done great things in Mexico and Germany and Russia, has fought in several wars, has been decorated and titled by foreign potentates, is widely known in all the foreign capitals, has acquired half a dozen Continental languages, is versed in various polite accomplishments, and, as he tells a lady in the very first chapter of the book, he never uses the wrong forks at dinner! All this is obviously intended for the literary consumption of the young girl; and we must be excused if we blandly smile and leave it to her, with congratulations on her beautiful and touching faith in Robert Clay and in Mr. Davis.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN HONOUR.

"He makes no friend who never made a foe."

Conyngham remembered the name of Pleydell well enough, and glanced sharply at Estella, recollecting that the general received the *Times* from London. Before he had time to make an answer—and, indeed, he had none ready—the general came into the room.

"Ah!" said Vincente, in his emphatically sociable manner, "I see you know each other already, so an introduction is superfluous. And now we will have Sir John's story. Be seated, my dear sir. But first a little refreshment. It is a dusty day—a lemonade?"

Sir John declined, his manner strikingly cold and reserved beside the genial *empressement* of General Vincente. In truth, the two men seemed to belong to opposite poles, the one of cold and the other of heat. Sir John had the chill air of one who had mixed among his fellow-men only to see their evil side. For this world is a cold place to those that look on it with a chilling glance. General Vincente, on the other hand, whose life had been passed in strife and warfare, seemed ready to welcome all comers as friends, and hold out the hand of good-fellowship to rich and poor alike.

Conyngham shrugged his shoulders with a queer smile. Here was a quandary requiring a quicker brain than his. He did not even attempt to seek a solution to his difficulties, and the only thought in his mind was a characteristic determination to face them courageously. He drew forward a chair for Sir John Pleydell, his heart stirred with that sense of exhilaration which comes to some in moments of peril.

"I will not detain you long," began the newcomer, with an air slightly suggestive of the law court, "but there are certain details which, I am afraid, I must inflict upon you in order that you may fully understand my actions."

The remark was addressed to General Vincente, although the speaker appeared to be demanding Conyngham's attention in the first instance. The learned gentlemen of the Bar thus often address the jury through the ears of the judge.

General Vincente had seated himself at the table, and was drawing his scented pocket-handkerchief across his moustache reflectively. He was not, it was obvious, keenly interested, although desirous of showing every politeness to the stranger. In truth, such Englishmen as brought their affairs to Spain at this time were not, as a rule, highly desirable persons or a credit to their country. Estella was sitting near the window, rather behind her father, and Conyngham stood by the fireplace, facing them all.

"You perhaps know something of our English politics," continued Sir John Pleydell, and, the general making a little gesture indicative of a limited but sufficient knowledge, went on to say, "of the Chartists more particularly."

The general bowed. Estella glanced at Conyngham, who was smiling.

"One cannot call them a party, as I have heard them designated in Spain," said Sir John parenthetically. "They are quite unworthy of so distinguished a name. These Chartists consist of the most ignorant people in the land—the rabble, in fact—headed by a few scheming malcontents, professional agitators, who are not above picking the pockets of the poor. Many capitalists and landowners have suffered wrong and loss at the hands of these disturbers of the peace; none . . ." he paused and gave a sharp sigh, which seemed to catch him unawares, and almost suggested that the man, after all, had or had at one time possessed a heart—"none more severely than myself," he concluded.

The general's face instantly expressed the utmost concern.

"My dear sir," he murmured.

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"For many years," continued Sir John hurriedly, as if resenting anything like sympathy—as all good Britons do—"the authorities acted in an irresolute and foolish manner, not daring to put down the disturbance with a firm hand. At length, however, a riot of a more serious character at a town in Wales necessitated the interference of the military. The ringleaders were arrested, and for some time the authorities were in considerable doubt as to what to do with them. I interested myself strongly in the matter, having practised the law in my younger days, and was finally enabled to see my object carried out. These men were arraigned not as mere brawlers and rioters, but under a charge of high treason—a much more serious affair for them."

He broke off with a harsh laugh, which was only a matter of the voice, for his marble face remained unchanged and probably had not at any time the power of expressing mirth.

"The ringleaders of the Newport riots were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, which served my purpose excellently."

Sir John Pleydell spoke with that cynical frankness which seems often to follow upon a few years devoted to practice at the Common Law Bar, where men, indeed, spend their days in dissecting the mental diseases of their fellow-creatures, and learn to conclude that a pure and healthy mind is possessed by none. He moved slightly in his chair, and seemed to indicate that he had made his first point.

"I hope," he said, addressing Conyngham directly, "that I am not fatiguing you."

"Not at all," returned the younger Englishman coolly; "I am much interested."

The general was studying the texture of his pocket-handkerchief. Estella's face had grown cold and set. Her eyes from time to time turned toward Conyngham. Sir John Pleydell was not creating a good impression.

"I will now come to the more personal part of my story," went on that gifted speaker, "and proceed to explain my reason for inflicting it upon you."

He still spoke directly to Conyngham, who bowed his head in silence, with the queer smile still hovering on his lips. Estella saw it and drew a sharp breath. In the course of her short life, which had almost been spent in the midst of warfare, she had seen men in danger more than once, and perhaps recognised that smile.

"I particularly beg your attention," explained Sir John to Conyngham, "because I understand from General Vincente that you are in reality attached to the staff of General Espartero, and it is to him that I look for help."

Sir John paused again. He had established another point. One almost expected to see him raise his hand to his shoulder to throw back the silken gown.

"Some months ago," he went on, "these Chartists attacked my house in the North of England, and killed my son."

There was a short silence, and the general muttered a short and polite Spanish oath under his breath. But somehow the speaker had failed to make that point, and he hurried on:

"It was not, technically speaking, a murder. My boy, who had a fine spirit, attacked the rioters, and a clever counsel might have got a verdict for the scoundrel who actually struck the blow. I knew this, and awaited events. I did not even take steps against the man who killed my son, . . . an only son and child. It was not from a legal point of view worth while."

He laughed his unpleasant laugh again, and presently went on:

"Fortune, however, favoured me. The trouble got worse, and the Newport riots at last aroused the government. The sentence upon the ringleaders gave me my opportunity. It was worth while to hunt down the murderer of my son when I could ensure him sixteen or twenty years of penal servitude."

"Quite," said the general—"quite." And he smiled. He seemed to fail to realise that Sir John Pleydell was in deadly earnest, and really harboured the implacable spirit of revenge with which he cynically credited himself.

"I traced my man to Gibraltar, and from thence he appears to have come North," continued Sir John Pleydell. "He has probably taken service under Espartero. Many of our English outlaws wear the Spanish Queen's uniform. He is, of course, bearing an assumed name, but surely it would be possible to trace him."

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"Oh, yes," answered Conyngham, "I think you will be able to find him."

Sir John's eyes had for a moment a gleam of life in them.

"Ah!" he said, "I am glad to hear you say that; for that is my object in coming to this country, and although I have during the course of my life had many objects of ambition or desire, none of them has so entirely absorbed my attention as this one. Half a dozen men have gone to penal servitude in order that I might succeed in my purpose."

There was a cold deliberation in this statement, which was more cruel than cynicism, for it was sincere. Conyngham looked at Estella. Her face had lost all colour, her eyes were burning, not with the dull light of fear, for the blood that ran in her veins had no taint of that in it, but with anger. She knew whom it was that Sir John Pleydell sought. She looked at Conyngham, and his smile of cool intrepidity made her heart leap within her breast. This lover of hers was, at all events, a brave man, and that which through all the ages reaches the human heart most surely is courage. The coward has no friends.

Sir John Pleydell had paused, and was seeking something in his pocket. General Vincente preserved his attitude of slightly bored attention.

"I have here," went on the baronet, "a list of the English officers serving in the army of General Espartero at the time of my quitting England. Perhaps you will at your leisure be kind enough to cast your eye over it, and make a note of such men as are personally unknown to you, and may, therefore, be bearing assumed names."

Conyngham took the paper, and holding it in his hand spoke without moving from the mantel-piece, against which he leant.

"You have not yet made quite clear your object in coming to Spain," he said. "There exists between Spain and England no extradition treaty, and even if such were to come in force, I believe that persons guilty of political offences would be exempt from its action. You propose to arraign this man for high treason, a political offence according to the law of many countries."

"You speak like a lawyer," said Sir John, with a laugh.

"You have just informed us," retorted Conyngham, "that all the English in the Spanish service are miscreants. None know the law so intimately as those who have broken it."

"Ah!" laughed Sir John again, with a face of stone; "there are exceptions to all rules, and you, young sir, are an exception to that which I laid down as regards our countrymen in Spain, unless my experience of faces and knowledge of men play me very false. But your contention is a just one. I am not in a position to seek the air of the Spanish authorities in this matter. I am fully aware of the fact. You surely did not expect me to come to Spain with such a weak case as that."

"No," answered Conyngham slowly, "I did not."

Sir John Pleydell raised his eyes and looked at his fellow-countryman with a dawning interest. The general also looked up from one face to the other. The atmosphere of the room seemed to have undergone a sudden change and to be dominated by the personality of the two Englishmen. The one will, strong on the surface, accustomed to assert itself and dominate, seemed suddenly to have found itself faced by another as strong, and yet hidden behind an easy smile and indolent manner.

"You are quite right," he went on in his cold voice. "I have a better case than that, and one eminently suited to a country such as Spain, where a long war has reduced law and order to a somewhat low ebb. I at first thought of coming here to await my chance of shooting this man—his name, by the way, is Frederick Conyngham—but circumstances placed a better vengeance within my grasp, one that will last longer."

He paused for a moment to reflect upon his long-drawn expiation.

"I propose to get my man home to England and let him there stand his trial. The idea is not my own; it has, in fact, been carried out successfully before now. Once in England, I shall make it my business to see that he gets twenty years' penal servitude."

"And how do you propose to get him to England?" asked Conyngham.

"Oh, that is simple enough! Only a matter of paying a couple of such scoundrels as I understand abound in Spain at this moment, a little bribery

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of officials, a heavy fee to some English ship captain—I propose, in short, to kidnap Frederick Conyngham. But I do not ask you to help me in that. I only ask you to put me on his track; to help me to find him, in fact. Will you do it?"

"Certainly," said Conyngham, coming forward with a card in his hand; "you could not have come to a better man."

Sir John Pleydell read the card, and had himself in such control that his face hardly changed. His teeth closed over his lower lip for a second, then he rose. The perspiration stood out on his face, the gray of his eyes seemed to have faded to the colour of ashes. He looked hard at Conyngham, and then taking up his hat, went to the door with nervous, uneven steps. On the threshold he turned.

"Your insolence," he said, breathlessly, "is only exceeded by your—daring!"

As the door closed behind him there came from that part of the room where General Vincente sat a muffled click of steel, as if a sword half out of its scabbard had been sent softly home again.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN MADRID.

"Le plus grand art d'un habile homme est celui de savoir cacher son habilité."

"Who travels slowly may arrive too late," said the Padre Concha, with a pessimistic shake of the head, as the carrier's cart, in which he had come from Toledo, drew up in the Plazuela de la Cebada, at Madrid. The careful penury of many years had not, indeed, enabled the old priest to travel by the quick *diligencias*, which had often passed him on the road with a cloud of dust and the rattle of six horses. The great journey had been accomplished in the humbler vehicles plying from town to town, that ran as often as not by night, in order to save the horses.

The priest, like his fellow-travellers, was white with dust. Dust covered his cloak, so that its original hue of dusty black was quite lost. Dust covered his face and nestled in the deep wrinkles of it. His eyebrows were lost to sight, and his lashes were like those of a miller,

As he stood in the street the dust arose in whirling columns and enveloped all who were abroad, for a gale was howling across the tableland, which the Moors of old had named *majerit*, a draught of wind. The conductor, who, like a good and jovial conductor, had never refused an offer of refreshment on the road, was now muddled with drink and the heat of the sun. He was, in fact, engaged in a warm controversy with a passenger, so the padre found his own humble portmanteau—a thing of cardboard and canvas—and trudged up the Calle de Toledo, bearing it in one hand and his cloak in the other, a lean figure in the sunlight.

Father Concha had been in Madrid before, though he rarely boasted of it, or indeed of any of his travels.

"The wise man does not hang his knowledge on a hook," he was in the habit of saying.

That this knowledge was of that useful description which is usually designated as knowing one's way about soon became apparent, for the dusty traveller passed with unerring steps through the narrower streets that lie between the Calle de Toledo and the street of Legovia. Here dwell the humbler citizens of Madrid, persons engaged in the small commerce of the market-place, for in the Plazuela de la Cebada, a hundred yards away, is held the corn market, which, indeed, renders the dust in this quarter particularly trying to the eyes. Once or twice the priest was forced to stop at the corner of two streets, and there do battle with the wind.

"But it is a hurricane," he muttered —"a hurricane."

With one hand he held his hat, with the other clung to his cloak and portmanteau.

"But it will blow the dust from my poor old *capa*," he added, giving the cloak an additional shake.

He presently found himself in a street which, if narrower than its neighbours, smelt less pestiferous. The open drain that ran down the middle of it pursued its varied course with a quite respectable speed. In the middle of the street Father Concha paused and looked up, nodding, as if to an old friend, at the sight of a dingy piece of palm bound to the ironwork of a balcony on the second floor,

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"The time to wash off the dust," he muttered, as he climbed the narrow stairs, "and then to work."

An hour later he was afoot again in a quarter of the city which was less known to him—namely, in the Calle Preciados, where he sought a *venta* more or less suspected by the police. The wind had risen, and was now blowing with the force of a hurricane. It came from the northwest with a chill whistle, which bespoke its birthplace among the peaks of the Guadarramas. The streets were deserted; the oil-lamps swung on their chains at the street corners, casting weird shadows that swept over the face of the houses with uncanny irregularity. It was an evening for evil deeds, except that when nature is in an ill-humour human nature is mostly cowed, and those who have but bad consciences cannot rid their minds of thoughts of the hereafter.

The padre found the house he sought, despite the darkness of the street and the absence of any from whom to elicit information. The *venta* was on the ground floor, and above it towered story after story, built with the quaint fantasy of the middle ages, and surmounted by a deep, overhanging gabled roof. The house seemed to have two staircases of stones and two doors, one on each side of the *venta*. There is a Spanish proverb which says that the rat which has only one hole is soon caught. Perhaps the architect remembered this, and had built his house to suit his tenants.

It was on the fifth floor of this tenement that Father Concha, instructed by Heaven knows what priestly source of information, looked to meet with Sebastian, the whilom body-servant of the late Colonel Monreal, of Xeres.

It was known among a certain section of the Royalists that this man had papers, and perchance some information of value to dispose of, and more than one respectable black-clad elbow had brushed the greasy walls of this stairway. Sebastian, it was said, passed his time in drinking and smoking. The boasted gaieties of Madrid had, it would appear, diminished to this sordid level of dissipation.

The man was, indeed, thus occupied when the old priest opened the door of his room.

"Yes," he answered, in a thick voice, "I am Sebastian, of Xeres, and no other, the man who knows more of the Carlist plots than any other in Madrid."

"Can you read?"

"No."

"Then you know nothing," said the padre. "You have, however, a letter in a pink envelope which a friend of mine desires to possess. It is a letter of no importance, of no political value—a love-letter, in fact."

"Ah, yes—ah, yes! That may be, reverendo. But there are others who want it—your love-letter."

"I offer you, on the part of my friend, a hundred pesetas for this letter."

The wrinkled face wore a grim smile. It was so little—a hundred pesetas—the price of a dinner for two persons at one of the great restaurants on the Puerta del Sol. But to Father Concha the sum represented five hundred cups of black coffee denied to himself in the evening at the café, five hundred packets of cigarettes, so-called of Havana, unsmoked, two new cassocks in the course of twenty years, a hundred little gastronomic delights sternly resisted season after season.

"Not enough, your hundred pesetas, reverendo—not enough," laughed the man. And Concha, who could drive as keen a bargain as any market-woman of Ronda, knew by the manner of saying it that Sebastian only spoke the truth when he said that he had other offers.

"See, reverendo," the man went on, leaning across the table, and banging a dirty fist upon it. "Come to-night at ten o'clock. There are others coming at the same hour to buy my letter in the pink envelope. We will have an auction—a little auction, and the letter goes to the highest bidder. But what does your reverence want with a love-letter—eh?"

"I will come," said the padre, and turning he went home to count his money once more.

There are many living still who remember the great gale of wind which was now raging through which Father Concha struggled back to the Calle Preciados as the city clocks struck ten. Old men and women still tell how the theatres were deserted that night, and the great cafés wrapt in darkness, for none dare venture abroad amid such whirl and confusion. Concha, however, with that lean strength that comes from

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a life of abstemiousness and low living, crept along in the shadow of houses, and reached his destination unhurt. The tall house in the alley leading from the Calle Preciados to the Plazuela Santa Maria was dark, as, indeed, were most of the streets of Madrid this night. A small moon struggled, however, through the riven clouds at times, and cast streaks of light down the narrow streets. Concha caught sight of the form of a man in the alley before him. The priest carried no weapon, but he did not pause. At this moment a gleam of light aided him.

"Señor Conyngham," he said, "what brings you here?"

And the Englishman turned sharply on his heel.

"Is that you—Father Concha, of Ronda?" he asked.

"No other, my son."

Standing in the doorway Conyngham held out his hand with that air of good-fellowship, which he had not yet lost amid the more formal Spaniards.

"Hardly the night for respectable elderly gentlemen of your cloth to be in the streets," he said, whereat Concha, who had a keen appreciation of such small pleasantries, laughed grimly.

"And I have not even the excuse of my cloth. I am abroad on worldly business, and not even my own. I will be honest with you, Señor Conyngham. I am here to buy that malediction of a letter in a pink envelope. You remember in the garden at Ronda—eh?"

"Yes, I remember; and why do you want that letter?"

"For the sake of Julia Barenna."

"Ah! I want it for the sake of Estella Vincente."

Concha laughed shortly.

"Yes," he said. "It is only up to the age of twenty-five that men imagine themselves to be rulers of the world. But we need not bid against each other, my son. Perhaps a sight of the letter before I destroy it would satisfy the señorita. . . ."

"No, we need not bid against each other"—began Conyngham, but the priest dragged him back into the doorway with a quick whisper of "Silence!"

Some one was coming down the other staircase of the tall house with slow and cautious steps. Conyngham and his companion drew back to the foot of the stairs and waited. It became evident that he who descended the steps did so without a light. At the door he seemed to stop, and was probably making sure that the narrow alley was deserted. A moment later he hurried past the door where the two men stood. The moon was almost clear, and by its light both the watchers recognised Larralde in a flash of thought. The next instant Esteban Larralde was running for his life with Frederick Conyngham on his heels.

The lamp at the corner of the Calle Preciados had been shattered against the wall by a gust of wind, and both men clattered through a slough of broken glass. Down the whole length of the Preciados but one lamp was left alight, and the narrow street was littered with tiles and fallen bricks, for many chimneys had been blown down, and more than one shutter lay in the roadway, torn from its hinges by the hurricane. It was at the risk of life that any ventured abroad at this hour and amid the whirl of falling masonry. Larralde and Conyngham had the Calle Preciados to themselves, and Larralde cursed his spurs, which rang out at each footfall and betrayed his whereabouts.

A dozen times the Spaniard fell, but before his pursuer could reach him the same obstacle threw Conyngham to the ground. A dozen times some falling object crashed to the earth on the Spaniard's heels, and the Englishman leapt aside to escape the rebound. Larralde was fleet of foot despite his meagre limbs, and leapt over such obstacles as he could perceive with the agility of a monkey. He darted into the lighted doorway, the entrance to the palatial mansion of an upstart politician. The large doors were thrown open, and the hall-porter stood in full livery awaiting the master's carriage. Larralde was already in the *patio*, and Conyngham ran through the marble-paved entrance-hall before the porter realised what was taking place. There was no second exit, as the fugitive had hoped, so it was round the *patio* and out again into the dark street, leaving the hall-porter dumbfoundered.

Larralde turned sharply to the right as soon as he gained the Calle Preciados. It was a mere alley running the whole way round a church, and here again was solitude, but not silence, for the wind roared among the chimneys

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overhead as it roars through a ship's rigging at sea. The Calle Preciados again, and a momentary confusion among the tables of a café that stood upon the pavement amid upturned chairs and a fallen, flapping awning. The pace was less killing now, but Larralde still held his own, one hand clutched over the precious letter regained at last, and Conyngham was conscious of a sharp pain where the Spaniard's knife had touched his lung.

Larralde ran mechanically, with open mouth and staring eyes. He never doubted that death was at his heels should he fail to distance the pursuer, for he had recognised Conyngham in the *patio* of the great house, and as he ran the vague wonder filled his mind whether the Englishman carried a knife. What manner of death would it be if that long arm reached him? Esteban Larralde was afraid. His own life, Julia's life, the lives of a whole Carlist section were at stake. The history of Spain, perhaps of Europe, depended on the swiftness of his foot.

The little crescent moon was shining clearly now between the long-drawn rifts of the rushing clouds. Larralde turned to the right again up a narrow street, which seemed to promise a friendly darkness. The ascent was steep, and the Spaniard gasped for breath as he ran; his legs were becoming numb. He had never been in this street before, and knew not whither it led. But it was, at all events, dark and deserted. Suddenly he fell upon a heap of bricks and rubbish—a whole stack of chimneys—he could smell the soot. Conyngham was upon him, touched him, but failed to get a grip. Larralde was afoot in an instant, and fell heavily down the far side of the barricade. He gained a few yards again, and, before Conyngham's eyes, was suddenly swallowed up in a black mass of falling masonry. It was more than a chimney this time, nothing less than a whole house carried bodily to the ground by the fall of the steeple of the church of Sta Maria del Monte. Conyngham stopped dead, and threw his arms over his head. The crash was terrific, deafening, and for a few moments the Englishman was stunned. He opened his eyes and closed them again, for the dust and powdered mortar whirled round him like smoke. Almost blinded he crept back by the way he had come, and the street was already full of people. In the Calle Preciados he sat down on a door-step, and there waited until he had gained mastery over his limbs, which shook like leaves. Presently he made his way back to the house where he had left Concha.

The man Sebastian had a week earlier seen and recognised Conyngham as the bearer of the letter addressed to Colonel Monreal, and left at that officer's lodging, in Xeres, at the moment of his death in the streets. Sebastian approached Conyngham, and informed him that he had in his possession sundry papers belonging to the late Colonel Monreal, which might be of value to a Royalist. This was, therefore, not the first time that Conyngham had climbed the narrow stairs of the tall house with two doors.

He found Concha busying himself by the bedside, where Sebastian lay in the unconsciousness of deep drink.

"He has probably been drugged," said the priest, "or he may be dying. What is more important to us is that the letter is not here. I have searched. Larralde escaped you?"

"Yes; and, of course, has the letter."

"Of course, *amigo*."

The priest looked at the prostrate man with a face of profound contempt, and shrugging his shoulders, went toward the door.

"Come," he said; "I must return to Ronda and Julia. It is thither that this Larralde always returns; and she, poor woman, believes him. Ah, my friend"—he paused and shook his long finger at Conyngham—"when a woman believes in a man she makes him or mars him; there is no medium."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN TOLEDO.

"Meddle not with many matters, for if thou meddle much thou shalt not be innocent."

The Café of the Ambassadeurs, in the Calle de la Montera, was at this time the fashionable resort of visitors to the city of Madrid. Its tone was neither political nor urban, but savoured rather of the cosmopolitan. The waiters at the first-class hotels recommended the Café of the Ambassadeurs, and stepped round to the manager's offices at the

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time of the new year to mention the fact.

Sir John Pleydell had been rather nonplussed by his encounter with Conyngham, and, being a man of the world as well as a lawyer, sat down, as it were, to think. He had come to Spain in the first heat of a great revenge, and such men as he take, like the greater volcanoes, a long time to cool down. He had been prepossessed in the favour of the man who subsequently owned to being Frederick Conyngham, and the very manner in which this admission was made redounded in some degree to the honour of the young Englishman. Here, at least, was one who had no fear, and fearlessness appeals to the heart of every Briton, from the peer to the navvy.

Sir John took a certain cold interest in his surroundings, and in due course was recommended to spend an evening at the Café des Ambassadeurs, as it styled itself, for the habit of preferring French to Spanish designations for places of refreshment had come in since the great revolution. Sir John went, therefore, to the café, and with characteristic scorn of elemental disturbances chose to resort thither on the evening of the great gale. The few other occupants of the gorgeous room eyed his half-bottle of claret with a grave and decorous wonder, but made no attempt to converse with this chill-looking Englishman. At length, about ten o'clock, or a few minutes later, entered one who bowed to Sir John with an air full of affable promise. This was Larralde, who called a waiter and bade him fetch a coat-brush.

"Would you believe it, sir," he said, addressing Sir John in broken English, "but I have just escaped a terrible death."

He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and laughed good-humouredly, after the manner of one who has no foes.

"The fall of a chimney—so—within a metre of my shoulder."

He threw back his cloak with a graceful swing of the arm, and handed it to the waiter. Then he drew forward a chair to the table occupied by Sir John, who sipped his claret and bowed coldly.

"You must not think that Madrid is always like this," said Larralde. "But perhaps you know the city . . . ?"

"No; this is my first visit."

Larralde turned aside to give his order to the waiter. His movements were always picturesque, and in the presence of Englishmen he had a habit of accentuating those characteristics of speech and manner which are held by our countrymen to be native to the Peninsula. There is nothing so disarming as conventionality, and nothing less suspicious. Larralde seemed to be a typical Spaniard—indolently polite, gravely indifferent, a cigarette-smoking nonentity.

They talked of topics of the day, and chiefly of that great event, the hurricane, which was still raging. Larralde, whose habit it was to turn his neighbour to account—a seed of greatness this!—had almost concluded that the Englishman was useless, when the conversation turned, as it was almost bound to turn between these two, upon Conyngham.

"There are but few of your countrymen in Madrid at the moment," Larralde had said.

"I know but one," was the guarded reply.

"And I also," said Larralde, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "A young fellow who has made himself somewhat notorious in the Royalist cause—a cause in which, I admit, I have no sympathy. His name is Conyngham."

Then a silence fell upon the two men, and over raised glasses they glanced surreptitiously at each other.

"I know him!" said Sir John at length, and the tone of his voice made Larralde glance up with a sudden gleam in his eyes. There thus sprang into existence between them the closest of all bonds—a common foe.

"The man has done me more than one ill turn," said Larralde after a pause, and he drummed on the table with his cigarette-stained fingers.

Sir John, looking at him coldly, gauged the Spaniard with the deadly skill of his calling. He noted that Larralde was poor and ambitious, qualities that often raise the devil in a human heart when fortune brings them there together. He was not deceived by the picturesque manner of Julia's lover, but knew exactly how much was assumed of that air of simple vanity to which Larralde usually treated strangers. He probably gauged, at one glance, the

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depth of the man's power for good or ill, his sincerity, his possible usefulness. In the hands of Sir John Pleydell Larralde was the merest tool.

They sat until long after midnight, and before they parted Sir John Pleydell handed to his companion a roll of notes, which he counted carefully, and Larralde accepted with a grand air of condescension and indifference.

"You know my address," said Sir John, with a slight suggestion of masterfulness, which had not been noticeable before the money changed hands. "I shall remain at the same hotel."

Larralde nodded his head.

"I shall remember it," he said; "and now I go to take a few hours' rest. I have had a hard day, and am as tired as a shepherd's dog."

And, indeed, the day had been busy enough. Señor Larralde hummed an air between his teeth as he struggled against the fierce wind.

Before dawn the gale subsided, and daylight broke over the city, where sleep had been almost unknown during the night, with a clear, calm freshness. The sun had not yet risen when Larralde took the road on his poor, thin, black horse. He rode through the streets, still littered with the débris of fallen chimneys, slates, and shutters, with his head up and his mind so full of the great schemes which gave him no rest, that he never saw Concepcion Vara, going to market, with a basket on his arm and a cigarette, unlighted, between his lips. Concepcion turned and watched the horseman, shrugged his shoulders, and quietly followed until the streets were left behind, and there could no longer be any doubt that Larralde was bound for Toledo.

Thither, indeed, he journeyed throughout the day, with a leisureliness begotten of the desire to enter the ancient city after nightfall only. Toledo was at this time the smouldering hotbed of those political intrigues which, some years later, burst into flame and resulted finally in the expulsion of the Bourbons from the throne of Spain. Larralde was sufficiently dangerous to require watching, and, like many of his kind, considered himself of a greater importance than his enemies were pleased to attach to him. The city of Toledo is, as many know, almost surrounded by the rapid Tagus, and entrance to its narrow confine is only to be gained by two gates. To pass either of these barriers in open day would be to court a publicity singularly undesirable at this time, for Esteban Larralde was slipping down the social slope, which gradual progress is the hardest to arrest. If one is mounting there are plenty to help him—those from above seeking to make unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, those from below hoping to tread in the footsteps he may leave. Each step, however, of the upward progress has to be gained at the expense of another; but on the descent there are none to stay and many to push behind, while those in front make room readily enough. Larralde had for the first time accepted a direct monetary reward for his services. That this had been offered and accepted in a polite Spanish manner, as an advance of expenses to be incurred, was, of course, only natural under the circumstances; but the fact remained that Esteban Larralde was no longer a picturesque conspirator, serving a failing cause with that devotion which can only be repaid later by higher honours, and a past carrying with it emoluments of proportionate value. He had, in fact, been paid in advance, which is the surest sign of distrust upon one side or the other.

The Barennas had been established at their house in Toledo some weeks, and for Julia life had been dull enough. She had hastened Northward, knowing well that her lover's intrigues must necessarily bring him to the neighbourhood of the capital, perhaps to Toledo itself. Larralde had, however, hitherto failed to come near her, and the news of the day reported an increasing depression in the ranks of the Carlists. Indeed, that cause seemed now at such a low ebb, that the franker mercenaries were daily drifting away to more promising scenes of warfare, while some cynically accepted commissions in the army of Espartero.

"I always said that Don Carlos would fail if he employed such men . . . as . . . well, as he does," Madame Barenna took more than one opportunity of observing at this time, and her emphatic fan rapped the personal application home.

She had just made this remark, for perhaps the sixth time one evening, when the door of the *patio*, where she

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and Julia sat, was thrown open, and Larralde, the person indirectly referred to, came toward the ladies. He was not afraid of Madame Barenna, and his tired face lightened visibly at the sight of Julia. Concha was right. According to his lights, Larralde loved Julia. She, who knew every expression, noted the look in his face, and her heart leapt within her breast. She had long secretly rejoiced over the failure of the Carlist cause. Such, messieurs, is the ambition of a woman for the man she really loves.

Señora Barenna rose and held out her hand with a beaming smile. She was rather bored that evening, and it was pleasant to imagine herself in the midst of great political intrigues.

"We were wondering if you would come," she said.

"I am here, there, everywhere; but I always come back to the Casa Barenna," he said gallantly.

"You look tired," said Julia quietly. "Where are you from?"

"At the moment I am from Madrid. The city has been wrecked by a tornado. I myself almost perished—"

He paused, shrugged his shoulders.

"What will you?" he added carelessly. "What is life, a single life in Spain to-day?"

Julia winced. It is marvellous how an intelligent woman may blind herself into absolute belief in one man. Señora Barenna shuddered.

"Blessed Heaven!" she whispered; "why does not some one do something?"

"One does one's best," answered Larralde, with his hand at his moustache.

"But yes!" said madame eagerly. She had a shrewd common sense, as many apparently foolish women have, and probably put the right value on Señor Larralde's endeavours. Father Concha and the general were, however, far away, and all women are time-servers.

Larralde spoke of general news, and when he at length proposed to Julia that they should take a *pasear* in the garden, the elder lady made no objection. For some moments Julia was quite happy. She had schooled herself into a sort of contentment, in the hope that her turn would come when ambition failed. Perhaps this moment had arrived. At all events, Larralde acquitted himself well, and seemed sincere enough in his joy at seeing her again.

"Do you love me?" he asked suddenly.

Julia gave a little laugh. Heaven has been opened by such a laugh ere now, and men have seen for a moment the brightness of it.

"Enough to leave Spain forever and live in another country?"

"Yes."

"Enough to risk something now for my sake?"

"Enough to risk everything," she answered.

"I have tried to gain a great position for you," went on Larralde, "and fortune has been against me. I have failed. The Carlist cause is dead, Julia. Our chief has failed us; that is the truth of it. We set him up as a king, but—but unless we hold him upright he falls. He is a man of straw. We are making one last effort, as you know; but it is a dangerous one, and we have had misfortunes. This pestilential Englishman! No one may say how much he knows. He has had the letter too long in his possession for our safety. But I have outwitted him this time."

Larralde paused and drew from his pocket the letter in the pink envelope, somewhat soiled by its passage through the hands of Colonel Monreal's servant.

"It requires two more signatures, and will then be complete," said the upholder of Don Carlos. "We shall then make our *coup*. But we cannot move while Conyngham remains in Spain. It would never do for me to . . . well, to get shot at this moment . . ."

Julia breathed hard.

". . . And that is what Mr. Conyngham is endeavouring to bring about. In the first place, he wants this letter to show to Estella Vincente—some foolish romance. In the second place, he hates me and seeks promotion in the Royalist ranks. These Englishmen are unscrupulous. He tried to take my life only last night. I bear him no ill-feeling. *À la guerre comme, à la guerre.* My only intention is to get him quietly out of Spain. It can be managed easily enough. Will you help me, to save my own life?"

"Yes," answered Julia.

"I want you to write a letter to Co-

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nyngham, saying that you are tired of political intrigue."

"Heaven knows that would be true enough!" put in Julia.

"And that you will give him the letter he desires, on the condition that he promises to show it to no one but Estella Vincente and return it to you. That you will also swear that it is the identical letter that he handed to you in the general's garden at Ronda. If Conyngham agrees, he must meet you at the back of the Church of Santa Tome, in the Calle Pedro Martir here, in Toledo, next Monday evening at seven o'clock. Will you write this letter, Julia?"

"And Estella Vincente?" inquired Julia.

"She will forget him in a week," laughed Larralde.

(*To be continued.*)

RESURGAM.

Let us go down to the sea, ere the noisy day is over,
Let us go down to the sea, and strip us of care and of toil;
There are graves in the heart of man that only the sea can cover;
There are deeds in the heart of man to be sown as the deep-sea spoil.

Free us from surging of sound that urges us on to the morrow;
Wrest us from merciless round that returns with the birth of a morn;
Free us of harassing thought, and the wind's wild pinion borrow,—
Yet there is room for the heart where the wave and the world are born!

And the grief which lieth behind let us give to the grace of forgetting,
And the hope that was dimmed let us shrive with the clean, keen salt of the sea;
And the fruitless doubt let us fling beyond the bounds of regretting,—
Where only the wave and the sky and the soul of man may be!

Earth, the mother, hath balm for her world-stained sons and daughters;
Earth, the mother, hath balm for her toil-spent hearts and sad;
Time cannot curb nor deny God's bountiful boon of waters,—
Let us down to the sea, my soul, let us down to the sea and be glad!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

It is in no way to disparage the art of the preacher to say that the note of Victorian literature, as I interpret it, is that it has been a literature of the pulpit—always self-conscious, always "moral." Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton had no "gospel" behind them; they wrote to please. Now and again it was to please themselves, now and again it was to please the public for whom they catered. The eighteenth century poets could preach on occasion, but theirs surely it was to preach without sincerity; they were all satirists. None of them made the least pretence to be saints. The novelists also cared only to tell a good story; if there was a moral, as in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, it was entirely unconscious. Smollett, Sterne, Jane Austen and, finally, Sir Walter Scott, had no moral. Rousseau, Goethe and the French Revolution changed all this. Shelley in his "passion for reforming the world" did not stand alone. Byron died in the cause of Greek freedom; Wordsworth, we know, was ever a prophet; Coleridge—why, every one knows the story of Lamb, when asked by S. T. C. if he had ever heard him preach, retorting, "I have never heard you do anything else!" It was this sense of "world-pain" among the poets which made the coming literature so "intense."

The literature of the Victorian epoch has, I repeat, been all of the pulpit type, all preaching—fine, healthy, inspiriting preaching most of it—and one cannot doubt that it has been much better than more graceful, artistic, unconscious work would have been. The reputation, however, of its writers is, perhaps, less assured with future ages. That matters very little. "Every age must write its own books, or, at least, the books for the age succeeding," Emerson tells us, and, after all, literature was never so great an influence upon vast masses of men as it has been during the past sixty years.

Wordsworth, I have said, preached continuously, and Wordsworth's influence was greater upon the Victorian period than upon the Georgian period in which he wrote his best work. Tennyson, who followed him, preached with equal zest. What is *Maud* but a long, beautiful and eloquent sermon? *In Memoriam* is a sermon, *Locksley Hall* is a sermon, and whether we take the *Idylls of the King* as an allegory of life, or not, certainly it contains abundance of what may be termed "preaching." That this was also the characteristic of Tennyson's friend and rival, Browning, need scarcely be said. Browning's early Noncomformity, his attendance on the ministrations of an Independent minister gave the ring of the pulpit to every line he wrote. There is something eminently misleading in the opinion once current that Browning is uniformly obscure. He tells story after story with immense dramatic force. Now it is *The Ring and the Book*, now *Pippa Passes*, now some minor poem like "Donald." There is always a moral—a moral embodying his glorious faith in humanity and the ultimate triumph of right.

Mrs. Browning, again, who does not, perhaps, command the audience to-day which was her fortune forty years back—when voices were loudly raised that she should succeed Wordsworth as poet-laureate—was essentially a preacher. *Aurora Leigh* is the most striking example of her skill in this direction.

> "It needs a high-souled man to move the masses,
> E'en to a cleaner sty,"

was a sentiment which embodied her gospel—moving the masses to something higher was her ideal.

Clearly the next most important poet of the Victorian literature, and one of the last of our poets—Mr. Matthew Arnold—was a preacher. His traditions as the son of an eminent divine were certain to make him that. In beautiful elegies, in sonnets and in lyrics, he gave the same message—a message of stoicism and endurance—which was a note also of the Brontës, Charlotte Brontë incorporating it in every one of her novels, and her greater sister Emily in one or two imperishable poems. The great poets of the later Victorian period have not been less anxious to give a message to mankind. Mr. Swinburne, still happily with us, has cried loudly for freedom from kingly and spiritual

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tyrannies ; he has gloried with brilliant fervour over the freeing of Italy, and has protested in poetry, from time to time, against the despotism of Russia and the enslavement of Poland. The late William Morris devoted his attention entirely to the social rather than to the political government of men. His dream was of the freeing of workers from the tyranny of capital, and the founding of a Socialist brotherhood. The *Earthly Paradise* was a sermon.

When we come to the fiction of the Queen's reign, the position is precisely the same. Charles Dickens published *Pickwick* in 1837, and to find a moral in *Pickwick*, it may be admitted, would be to place one's self in the position of the archæologists who discovered "Bill Stumps, His Mark." From that point on, however, Dickens became impregnated with the spirit of the age. There is plenty of preaching in *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, while *Hard Times*, *Great Expectations* and the *Christmas Carol* are all permeated with a zeal for reform. It was one of Dickens's limitations, doubtless, that he was a preacher, but it was that gift which gave him so boundless a control over the tears and the laughter of several generations. Thackeray published *Vanity Fair* in 1846, and followed it with a succession of brilliant novels, every one of which was a vigorous satire on society. Assuredly Thackeray, in his own way, was a preacher.

More clearly and obviously, however, may that title be applied to the great novelist who exercised the most powerful influence about the time when Dickens and Thackeray were both laid to rest. George Eliot, in her heart of hearts, had all the religious zeal of a Methodist. She had thrown aside supernatural religion, but she brought to agnosticism a perfect fever for proselytising. *Romola* was her most successful sermon, while *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* were all inspired with a longing to set the world right, particularly the intellectual world. In her verse George Eliot was less able to conceal her desire to be a preacher.

A successful preacher in prose and verse, from an opposite standpoint, was Charles Kingsley, whose novel, *Alton Locke*, published in 1849, created abundant fermentation in the minds of young men in the fifties and sixties. Canon Kingsley, it is safe to say, never wrote anything without a full sense of his responsibilities as a teacher. In glancing through the splendid array of his works with which his publishers have provided us, one is impressed with the fact that it is a mere accident that only some four or five of his books are widely read. The novel has been all-potent in the Victorian era and not the essay nor the sermon, and so it is that everything that Canon Kingsley had to say in sermons and essays is fast passing out of sight, while *Westward Ho! Yeast*, *Two Years Ago* and *Hypatia* are still living books—every one of them books with a moral, every one of them conveying Kingsley's lesson of sympathy with the poor, of strenuous intellectual and spiritual struggle. It is merely a reaction of the present decade against the pulpit in literature that makes certain of our men of genius insist upon preferring Henry Kingsley to his brother Charles. Henry Kingsley whose *Ravenshoe*, *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *The Hillyars and the Burtons* have still much popularity, had certainly no kind of moral impulse behind him. He would seem to have been a shiftless, thriftless man of talent, whose brilliant books are in many ways a reflection of himself. The active literary man of to-day with his enthusiasm for the eighteenth-century writers, and his general taste for romance will say that Henry Kingsley was a greater writer than his brother Charles, though Charles could write with dazzling vigour and effect, while Henry was too often slipshod and ungrammatical, and —save in a few moments of inspiration —wanting in all distinction of style.

But I have not space in this brief article to emphasise all the imaginative writers who will bear out my theory of what is the most prominent literary characteristic of the age. Charles Reade exemplified it in several books, and so did Bulwer Lytton ; so, also, did Benjamin Disraeli. *Hard Cash* was meant to attract attention to the abuses of private lunatic asylums, *It is Never Too Late to Mend* to the reform of our prison system. We know how much there was of psychology and ethics in many of Lytton's stories, and we know how the young Disraeli aspired to transform our political life through the medium of *Sybil* and *Coningsby*. That movement has continued in fiction down to

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Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and even to our own day. I can give scarcely a word to the school of Scotch writers which had Dr. George Macdonald for father, and to those English writers who hold Mr. George Meredith for master. Of authors still living, one is happily not required to write. Our numerous critical organs keep them perpetually to the front. Who in a hasty survey of Victorian literature requires to be reminded of the charm associated with Thrums, of the intellect and wit of *The Pilgrim's Scrip*, of the simplicity and sanity which centre in Wessex landscape. A brief survey of Victorian literature must necessarily devote but a few words to Victorian novelists, although they have probably been the most forcible influence in the period. Fielding and Smollett pleased their audiences, Scott carried his by storm, but only in the Victorian era has the novel been the positive rival of the preacher and the moralist, until latterly it has become their associate and colleague.

Carlyle may be counted in no small degree responsible for all this. He is the very central figure of the literature of the period. Did he not translate *Wilhelm Meister*, the most sermonising of all novels? Is not *Sartor Resartus* in part a novel—with its delightful episode of Blumine? Carlyle preached vigorously through "thirty fine volumes," and the result was a veritable regiment of disciples—Lord Tennyson, who sighed for

"One still strong man in a blatant land;"

Mr. Ruskin, who said he had "but systematised and applied Carlyle's looser but deeper reflections;" Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, who based their histories upon Carlyle's transcendentalism and Carlyle's hero-worship. It would take a volume to trace the ramifications of Carlyle's influence upon the authors who were his contemporaries and his immediate successors. Far more than Macaulay he made the historical schools of which we are entitled to be as proud as of our poets and our novelists. Macaulay has been the most prominent historian of the reign, and although he was charged with writing "to prove that Providence was on the side of the Whigs," he assuredly had no more serious aim than a certain unconscious partisanship of his own political party. Macaulay, although brought up at Clapham, and in the neighbourhood of the Clapham sect, had no preaching tendencies. Nor had Landor, who, however, never obtained more than a handful of an audience. Macaulay's most effective successor, and, like him, not a moralist, is Dr. S. R. Gardiner, who has taught us so much about the earlier Stuarts and about Cromwell. But the two rival schools of history which made most stir during the reign were undoubtedly influenced by Carlyle.

This was even the case with Edward Freeman, who despised Carlyle. Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, and their successor and assimilator, J. R. Green, had abundance of "theories." Their contempt for Mr. Froude made it peculiarly humorous that he should have succeeded two of them in the chair of history at Oxford. Mr. Froude wrote abundant histories and biographies, always picturesquely, but with a happy indifference to accuracy. He can scarcely ever have verified a reference, and yet he thought himself a heaven-born missionary, designed to weigh nations in the balance. So also did the Professor of History at Cambridge, Sir John Seeley, who wrote brilliant theology in *Ecce Homo* and accurate history in the *Life and Times of Stein*. Good historians have flourished during the reign, not only historians of our own country, but historians of the world in general. It was truly wonderful that a successful banker like George Grote should have been able to produce those twelve magnificent volumes of the *History of Greece*. George Grote and Bishop Thirlwall both set themselves to work to rectify the false view of ancient Greece propounded by Mitford. Thirlwall's book enjoyed a comfortable popularity during the early years of the Queen's reign, but it has not held its ground. Grote's *History*, however, is never likely to be superseded. Qualified and supplemented by some of the great German historians, it is *the* book from which to get a general acquaintance with the ancient world. Dr. Arnold's *Rome*, on the other hand, although readable, has not retained the attention of scholars in the same measure as the work of a brother ecclesiastic, Dean Merivale. Great ecclesiastics have, indeed, been splendid ornaments of Victorian literature. Dean

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Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* will not lack for readers for many years to come. Dean Kitchin's *History of France* makes scarcely less attractive reading than Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People*, and Bishop Creighton, the Rev. Sir George Cox, Dean Church, and many others have added much to our historical and literary knowledge.

Biographical literature has scarcely been of less importance than the historical. Some half-dozen biographies make up the record which remains to us of the pre-Victorian literature. Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, Moore's *Byron*, and Southey's *Life of Nelson* are almost the only biographies which still retain a regular succession of readers, and two of these—Lockhart's *Scott* and Moore's *Byron*—have been extravagantly overpraised. During the present reign, however, we have seen a constant succession of beautiful biographies, which, whether they live or not, will have had abundant attraction for their period. Their permanence, of course, is dependent upon the interest in their subjects continuing. Foremost among these biographies one must place George Henry Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, and scarcely second to this is Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*. Sir George Trevelyan's other biographical effort, *The Early Years of Charles James Fox*, is even a more brilliant example of what a biography should be. Perhaps the most widely selling biography of the reign has been Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, which enormously enhanced the reputation of Miss Brontë as well as of her biographer. Another novelist of equal reputation to Charlotte Brontë—George Eliot—on the other hand, received an irreparable shock to her fame by the publication of the ineffective biography which was prepared by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross. The *Life of Charles Dickens*, by John Forster, excited a sufficient stir at the time of its appearance, but it has no longer much of an audience, in spite of the continued popularity of its subject. It was thought at the time that the biographer displayed too much egotism and self-assertion, and it can scarcely be doubted that, with the enormous mass of new material, in the way of letters and documents, which have been collected since Dickens's death, we shall still see a final and more interesting presentation of the most popular writer of our day. Forster wrote other biographies: one of Goldsmith, another—which he did not live to complete—of Swift, and a most interesting series of studies of the statesmen of the Commonwealth, one of which—the *Life of Sir John Eliot*—still deserves to be remembered.

Of religious biography and autobiography we have seen an equally abundant harvest. Most notable of all was the *Apologia* of John Henry Newman, and next perhaps in interest the *Life of Dr. Arnold*, by Dean Stanley. The *Life of Charles Kingsley*, by his widow, gave a most enchanting presentation of a most attractive man. Even more ably written was the *Life of Frederick Robertson* of Brighton, from the pen of Mr. Stopford Brooke, but the world of our day has, perhaps, ceased to be interested in Frederick Robertson.

Certainly the most substantial biography of the day, so far as bulk is concerned, is Professor David Masson's *Life of Milton*. Nearly all the great poets have had their Lives written, and written well: Dean Church wrote on Spenser, Professor Courthope on Pope, Mr. Christie on Dryden, and, indeed, I cannot give even a list of the notable and attractive biographies of the Victorian era, as I have already exhausted my allotted space.

Coming back, however, to my main position, I would again insist that the literature of the period is a literature essentially of the pulpit. Such powerful representatives of its philosophic thought as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer; such scientific investigators as Charles Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall, all of whom made literature by their splendid writing gifts; men of science and theologians—High Churchmen like Dr. Liddon, Broad Churchmen like Dr. Jowett, Presbyterians like Dr. Chalmers, Romanists like Lord Acton, have argued long and strenuously, until, from very weariness, we have a lull in argument and perhaps a lull in literary creativeness to-day.

Clement K. Shorter.

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MRS. OLIPHANT.

Mrs. Oliphant died on June 26th at her house in Wimbledon. She was in her sixty-ninth year, and although her wonderful literary activity was maintained to the last, we may safely say that seldom has death been more welcome, more desired, than it was to her. She felt herself alone in the world, though she had many dear and attached friends. She seemed to have accomplished her work, and in her last book there is a poignant note of weariness and regret. Some nine months ago she wrote a letter to a friend in which she said that it was time for her to go, and that she would not delay. Her promise has been kept. "She has made haste to leave us." We do not propose to attempt anything like an estimate of her multifarious literary work. It is to be hoped that this will be done, but it must be done at leisure. So continuous and extraordinary has been the amount of her production that very few have been able to follow it. There is hardly a province of literature that she has not touched and adorned. The obituary notices which have appeared so far show that the writers know only a very little about her books. Even the article in the *Times* (London), which we take to be from the pen of her old friend and fellow-worker in *Blackwood*, Mr. Alexander Innes-Shand, is curiously slight and restricted in its mention of her notable works. All that we shall attempt now is to set forth some facts of her life which have so far been very imperfectly related.

Margaret Oliphant was born in 1828 at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, in Midlothian. Her maiden name was Wilson, and her father was a farmer. Her brother became a Presbyterian minister in Northumberland, and wrote a forgotten and very feeble novel called *Matthew Paxton*. Mrs. Oliphant was wont in later days to deny any personal knowledge of dissent. The statement, however, had to be taken with much allowance, for when the enthusiasm of the Disruption was still over Scotland she was caught in it, and to the very last her interest in ecclesiastical and religious matters was keen. When a young girl she was very devout, an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Chalmers, and a Free Churchwoman. She showed her sympathies in the early volume which is not yet quite forgotten, *Passages from the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland*. This was a book much admired by Charlotte Brontë, and very popular in its day. Through it she gained early a modest fame, and made many friendships. Among her early admirers was the amiable "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the author of *Mansie Wauch*, a book, by the way, of which Mr. Austin Dobson recently expressed to us his warm admiration. Through "Delta" she was introduced to the conductors of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which she began to contribute in 1852, and where she wrote to the last. No writer in the brilliant history of the great Edinburgh magazine ever rendered better service, when all things are taken into account. It was in 1852 that she was married to her cousin, Francis Wilson Oliphant. Mr. Oliphant was a painter and designer of stained glass. He worked much with Welby Pugin, especially upon the painted windows in the new Houses of Parliament. After his marriage he occupied himself mainly with an energetic attempt to improve the art of painted glass by superintending the process of execution as well as the design. He produced the windows in the Ante-Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, those in the chancel of Aylesbury Church, and several in Ely Cathedral. He had also a share along with William Dyce in the famous choristers' window at Ely. His young wife continued to write energetically and successfully, and for some years all went well. Then Mr. Oliphant fell into bad health, and had to go to Rome, where he died in October, 1859. One son had been born before his death, and another was born a month or two after. Mrs. Oliphant, left a widow after seven years of happiness, set herself with unshaken fortitude to the long labour now completed. She was devoted to her two boys, and they repaid her love. Unfortunately, however, they both inherited the delicacy of their father. The elder, Cyril, who published a little book on Alfred de Musset in his mother's Foreign Classics, died

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in 1890, and four years later the younger son, Francis Romano Oliphant, followed his brother. The last blow was peculiarly heavy. Mrs. Oliphant had been very closely associated with this son, who had contributed to the *Spectator*, and written much in his mother's work on the Victorian Age of English Literature. The strain was very severe, and it seemed for a time as if it must be too much. She rallied, however, in a manner, but never at all perfectly, and now the home circle is completed on the other side. Mrs. Oliphant was solaced by the companionship of a niece, now married in Dundee, in whom to the very last she took the warmest interest.

It is of course as a novelist that Mrs. Oliphant did her work and earned her reputation. When one begins to specify particular books, it is easy to see that Mrs. Oliphant never wrote anything conspicuously above or conspicuously below her standard. In our judgment —a judgment which it must be confessed fluctuates on this point—*Phœbe Junior* is on the whole the best and most perfect of Mrs. Oliphant's works. It is the story of the clever daughter of a dissenting minister whose chapel, by the way, is evidently meant to be Regent's Park Baptist Chapel. There is very little padding in it, and the writer is almost at her best throughout. *Salem Chapel*, though very good in parts, is melodramatic and far from true to the phase of life described. Mrs. Oliphant became more and more Conservative as her days went on, and she had a certain contempt for dissent in every form. Perhaps the ablest of all her books is the powerful and painful story, *Agnes*, a story distinguished by one of those rare prefaces in which Mrs. Oliphant gives us her own conception of her art. The writer in the *Times* specifies some of the Scotch novels, and picks out *Mrs. Margaret Maitland* as the best. *Katie Stewart* was a great favourite with Mr. John Blackwood, and for long in the Blackwood inner circle Mrs. Oliphant was affectionately known as "Katie." The *Times* is wrong, however, in saying that it was her first book, and wrong also, we think, in speaking of *The Minister's Life*. The title should be *The Minister's Wife*, and certainly the story, now forgotten, is a very strong one. A brilliant friend, whose right to judge cannot be questioned, prefers *Kirsteen* above the rest of her Scotch books, but amid so much varied, delightful, and accomplished work it is not easy to pick and choose. Her later books have been less successful. When she wrote them she was out of heart.

Mrs. Oliphant's theory of life is consistent throughout. Her aspirations were after peace and quietness, but she persuaded herself, after long trial, that such things could not be. She delighted in picturing the life of leisurely ladies in the country, ladies with pleasant surroundings and ample means, with no spots upon their conscience, abiding in a soft established order that promised to endure, and in showing how into such haunts of rest trouble inevitably came —trouble from pecuniary loss, from wicked relatives, from the appearance of cancer, even, perhaps, from the impulses which arose strangely amid the hush and gentleness, and brought their bitter pangs. To one faith, however, she was unswervingly true—the faith that it is better to live in the full sense than to vegetate. Sorrow, pain, conflict, labour—she understood what these things were, but she deliberately elected to have them instead of a monotonous, imperturbed, solitary existence. For to suffer was to live. We hope that some one fit for the task will collect and digest from her books her excellent wisdom upon the conduct of life.

Mrs. Oliphant was much more than a novelist. She was an ambitious and, on the whole, not unsuccessful biographer. Her first biography was that of Edward Irving. As to its great interest, there can be no dispute. Many who knew Irving, however, do not think it rendered his career fairly. The writing and publication of the book brought her into close contact with leaders of the Church of Scotland, and among her subsequent productions in this line was the biography of Principal Tulloch, a biography which contained many charming passages, but which it is no secret some of those closest to Tulloch passionately disliked and disavowed. The very worst of all her biographies is that of Count Montalembert, but in fairness it has to be remembered that she was greatly restricted in her treatment. She was truly religious, but shrank from the more intimate expressions of religious feeling. Perhaps her heart never opened itself so fully as in that beauti-

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ful book, *The Beleaguered City*, a book which had several companions not unworthy to stand beside it. She wrote toward the end of her life a rather poor little biography of her early hero, Dr. Chalmers. Of course, it could hardly be expected that she should treat ecclesiastical questions either with knowledge or with fairness; and she did not. Her personal associations with many ministers, especially with the late Dr. James Hamilton, were very close.

She was also a very great journalist and critic. Perhaps we should say magazinist rather than journalist. When she lived at Englefield Green, she formed a friendship with her neighbour, Mr. R. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, and the result was that she contributed many articles to his journal. When she had a concrete subject like Principal Tulloch, for example, she wrote very well, but in an evil hour she commenced a weekly *causerie*, called "A Commentary from an Easy Chair," which was a conspicuous failure, and had to be discontinued. In the *St. James's Gazette*, under Mr. Frederick Greenwood, she wrote similar articles with similar results. But when she took her pen in hand for *Blackwood*, she was at her greatest. She vivified the magazine by innumerable articles on men and books which had no parallel in any other periodical. In her, as the conductors of *Blackwood* observe in the just and generous notice which appears in the July number, they found one who more than any other maintained unimpaired the traditions of the magazine, and she will be sorely missed. She had an honourable pride in *Blackwood*, the only one of the great periodicals now left to us which has disdained to lower its standard, and to which we can still point as maintaining all the excellence of its brightest past. Mrs. Oliphant's articles did not meet with unmixed approval, and on various occasions we have ourselves challenged them. She had eyes like a hawk. She could say more easily than most people the things that stab and blister. She was often merciless, and sometimes she was unfair. She fiercely resented popularities that were undeserved. She could not abide mawkish sentiment. She had educated herself into the true aristocrat's view of life, and had a genuine contempt for the Philistine. It need not be wondered if she was sometimes cruel, but we have often been surprised that her hard experience never seemed to school her into charity and restraint. To the last she was as fierce, as uncontrolled, as bitter as ever when her temper was touched. Mrs. Oliphant did not disguise her great contempt for the popular Scotch writers of the day. There was one exception. She was an ardent admirer from the very first of Mr. Barrie, and rejoiced greatly in her last days over *Margaret Ogilvy*, a book which she put where we think it will be put at last, as perhaps the most enduring product of recent English literature. For Mr. Kipling, also, she had a warm admiration. But beyond these two, we do not think she really cared for any of the younger writers, while it is not too much to say that she positively detested many of them. Of Stevenson even after his death she spoke with extraordinary malignity. Much of her critical writing has been collected in books, the best of these being undoubtedly *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George III.* In this occurs, perhaps, the finest thing she ever wrote—the noble panegyric of *Clarissa Harlowe*.

There is much besides that we would fain have said. We should have liked to speak of her studies in foreign literature and in art. We should have liked also to say something of her poetry, of her friendships with many notable people, from the Queen downward. One of her last productions was the Jubilee number of the *Graphic*, giving a biography of the Queen, and a little, but significant, paper on the same subject in *Good Words*. It was she who wrote in the hour of the Queen's great sorrow the remarkable lines which appeared in *Blackwood*:

> "Lord God, on bended knee
> Three kingdoms cry to Thee—
> God save the Queen."

When she wrote these words, she had been herself a widow for hardly two years.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

IV.—Jules Lemaître.

JULES LEMAÎTRE.

The course of literary criticism in France during our century is a reflection of the spiritual life of the nation. Frenchmen are by nature given to critical analysis. They have always enjoyed it more keenly and rewarded it more generously than the Germans or the English, and so their criticism has an historical continuity of development in a sense that ours has not. It has been possible for M. Brunetière to write a most fascinating book on its evolution. Volumes of extracts from its masters are compiled for the use of students. Critics group themselves in schools and coteries, and delight the unregenerate by their criticisms of one another. But here as always the fundamental distinction will be found between those who look at literature as a science and those who regard it as an art, between those whose first dogma is to judge, those whose first thought is to know, and those whose first desire is to enjoy. Prince of the first group is M. Brunetière; the still unrivalled master of the second is Sainte-Beuve; the chosen leader of the last is Jules Lemaître, some idea of whose worth and charm I hope to be able to convey in this study.

Criticism, to Lemaître, is "the art of enjoying books and of refining our sensations by them." But in France criticism is loved for its own sake, and in these latter days it has become its own excuse for being. The subject chosen for the weekly *feuilleton* may be as hackneyed as the *Cid* or as trivial as Caran d'Ache. This will only give the reviewer a better field for his virtuosity, a better chance to show, as Lemaître himself puts it, "how exquisite a thing literary criticism can be, how it may equal and even surpass in interest the very works in which it exercises itself." It is the art, the manner, the personality of the essayist on which the literary salons of Paris are intent; and so keen is this interest, so carefully has it been nursed and fostered that nowhere and never before has such work achieved so sudden fame or reaped such rich rewards. In the *fin de siècle* capital by the Seine men may weary of all except understanding, but of that they never weary. A keen bit of literary psychology made Bourget notorious; a volume fixed his reputation. Few literary men in France have a wider popularity or a more stable fame than Sarcey, whose reputation rests on the persistent iteration of ephemeral critiques; and Lemaître had the greatness he had achieved almost thrust on him when he fascinated literary Paris by the brilliancy of his first critical studies.

Prince ne puis, bourgeois ne veux, curieux suis. Such is the device of the man to whom all Paris has learned to look with an eager expectancy as week by week he spurs them with his wit and charms them with his grace, holding the burden of his immense learning so lightly and in such sure control that he secures their confidence while he never repels by dogmatic assertion. His device suggests his life and symbolises his mental attitude toward books, toward religion, morals, and society; for he is, more than all else, an interested spectator of

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the drama of humanity, a natural product of the intellectual evolution of the closing century in France. But to comprehend the genius we must know something more of the man.

François Elie Jules Lemaître was born April 27th, 1853, at Vennecy, in the Department of Lairet, in Touraine. Now, to be of Touraine is to suck with one's mother's milk a joy of life, a sort of healthy Pantagruelism, the temper of Rabelais and of the *Contes Drolatiques*. And accordingly we need not be surprised to find this Touranian asking himself by and by: What are all our little intellectual pleasures beside the great animal joys of the physical life? A question that the Ettrick Shepherd puts in the form of a blunt assertion that every human being "prefers eating and drinking to all other pleasures of body and soul." The Touranians seem always to have thought in this way when they took the trouble to think seriously at all. But they are religious, too, at least in their *heures perdues*, having what Lemaître has happily called "piety without faith;" and so the little Touranian was given to the priests to educate, first at La Chapelle Saint-Mesnin, then at the more noted school of Notre-Dame des Champs in Paris. And these good fathers did their work so well that Lemaître continued to love their teaching long after he had ceased to believe it; so that throughout his work there is a sympathy and a comprehension for the Roman Catholic state of soul that is always grateful and sometimes surprising.

With nature and nurture thus contrary but not at strife, Lemaître, like Renan, felt drawn from clerical restraint to the freer fields of literature, and at nineteen he entered the famous Normal School of Paris, which also left its imprint on his still plastic mind, giving to it a critical bent and to his thoughts a didactic clearness. Paris, too, could not but add its element, that old Athenian curiosity to see and hear some new thing, so that the quick-breathing world around him became the centre of his interest for all his after life.

He was graduated in 1875. His theses showed that literature would be his bent, but for the next nine years he found his livelihood in teaching under various titles in government institutions at Havre, Algiers, Besançon, and Grenoble. Now, it was just this period of suppressed literary utterance that gave him the two other things needful to complete his critical equipment. Humour, sentiment, judgment, curiosity he had already; but only this professional life could have enabled him to accumulate an arsenal of learning and manifold observation of men. Each pupil became in turn the subject of his unwearied analytic curiosity; and when in 1884 he abandoned teaching for letters he was no David in Saul's armour, though he had published till then but two volumes of verse—the customary oblation of the literary neophyte in France. He took immediately the rank of a past-master. "Unknown in October, 1884, in December he was famous."

Men felt from the first the force of this genius, pitilessly laying bare the flimsy pretences of ephemeral reputation and undazzled by the glamour of transient popularity; ready to measure the greatness and to mark the error of the giants of that day, daring to say that Flaubert was narrow, Zola often base, the Goncourts misled, Richepin declamatory, Silvestre meretricious; and yet recognising the while in them all elements of permanent worth of which they themselves were not always conscious. His essays on Renan, Zola, and Ohnet, written for the *Revue Bleue* in his first literary year, are each in its kind landmarks of criticism. Presently he succeeded Weiss as dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, and in recent years his interest has centred chiefly in the stage, though he has written elsewhere on other topics also.

The red ribbon of the Legion of Honour was granted him in 1888, and on February 17th, 1896, he attained the goal of French literary ambition, the Academy. That he should be welcomed by the vice-rector of the university of which he had shaken the dust from his feet twelve years before, added a zest to the occasion, and the speeches were significant. Literature and learning joined hands. The vice-rector greeted the new Academician with a *bonhomie* that must have startled the followers of pedantic tradition; the critic responded with unwonted but not unbecoming sobriety; and so the genial journalist, the seductive, almost femininely coquettish impressionist, now sits among the Forty Immortals.

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Temaître's career and his mental attitude suggest those of Renan. Both carried through life the marks of early clerical training in minds quite disillusioned, and the suggestive likeness grows more and more defined as one traces the evolution of Lemaître's genius in its various modes of expression, poetry, drama, fiction, and criticism. But we have to deal immediately only with the last of these, and we lose nothing essential by the limitation. Poetry, his first passion, he soon abandoned; fiction is to him only a reflection of the moral problems that interest his critical mind; and his dramas are but curious projections into dramatic form of his acute psychological curiosity and repetitions by a faithful student of the technique of his favourite master, Dumas *fils*.

Six of Lemaître's volumes bear the significant title *Contemporaries*. It is in the present that his interest always lies. Others may seek in criticism the intellectual satisfaction of verifying theories; to him criticism is a means of attaining the complete fruition of his psychic being by sympathetic contact with the heart of modern life. He confesses himself a sort of literary epicurean; to me he seems at times almost a critical voluptuary. How exquisitely keyed must be the taste of one who can write:

"When I open a modern book at hazard, I quiver sometimes with delight, as though I were thrilled to the marrow with pleasure. I love so this literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, so intelligent, so restless, so weird, so morose, so eccentric, so subtle; I love it so even in its affectations, its follies, its extremes, for I feel a germ of them in myself, and I make them one by one my own. . . . At the moment when I turn the last page I feel myself wholly intoxicated. I am full of the delicious, melancholy recollection of an immense mass of very deep sensations, and my heart swells with a vague, all-embracing tenderness. . . . The pleasure is too great, too acute, too piercing." *

How shall a critic criticise a critic? How convey impressions of method, power, wit, and charm gathered from several hundred detached essays? One must be content to suggest and to approximate. Let the reader who would know how subtly sympathetic Lemaître can be read his essays on Renan and Veuillot; that on Zola to feel his power; that on Sarcey for generous justice; that on Lamartine for æsthetic delicacy; that on Ohnet for caustic wit. It is only to invite you to that varied feast that I ask you to follow me now from where the waves of his irony ripple on the shore upward till we reach the rarer air of his æsthetic Parnassus. See first how the disdainful critic pricks the bubble of a phenomenally successful mediocrity:

"I am accustomed to discuss literature with my readers. Let them forgive me if I speak to them to-day of the novels of M. Georges Ohnet. I shall please so many good people and relieve so many good minds by saying right out what they have been thinking. The aversion of men of letters to these indisputably successful books is not due to envy. Oh, no. No doubt they would like to have as many readers as M. Ohnet; but I am sure no one of them would have been willing to have written his books. It is true that what is artistically good does not usually attract the masses. Even Zola and Daudet are not read by the multitude for the qualities that critics admire in them. But the middle class love Ohnet better than these because in him there is nothing that is beyond them, nothing that jars against them or eludes them; no individuality of conception, no dignity of diction, no artistry of form, no nobility of thought. A good half of M. Ohnet's work is just the thing to delight M. Poirier, M. Maréchal, and M. Perrichon, and the other half will have special charm for their wives. . . . You find in him the elegance of chromos, the nobility of clock-bronzes, the posing of strolling actors, smirking optimism, romantic sentimentality, high-breeding as the concierge's daughters conceive it, aristocracy as Emma Bovary imagines it, elegance as M. Homais comprehends it. It is Feuillet without grace or delicacy, Cherbuliez without wit or philosophy, Theuriet without poetry or frankness, the triple distillation of banality."

And yet Lemaître goes on to show that this is the natural product of the present condition of literature in France. If the men of real genius persist in making of literature "an occult amusement for mandarins, seeking to frighten simple souls by its audacity, and to disconcert them by its refinement," then the natural demand of the masses will create its own supply. "This is a case of commercial bronzes, not of works of art. There need be no mistake. I only wished to prevent any possible confusion." And with this Parthian shaft Lemaître brings his critique to a close. It has been said that since this piece of scathing irony appeared, "people still read M. Ohnet's novels, but they no longer boast of it." And yet in the midst of this shower of scintillating epi-

* *Les Contemporains*, i. 239 and iii. 91.

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grams you feel throughout that Lemaître sympathises with the genuine aspirations of the masses as well as with the artistic instinct of the men of letters. It is the pinchbeck pretences of both the one and the other that he scorns ; and how bitterly he scorns them !

Thus was that Goliath of the Philistine novel slain with a sling and a stone. As deft and even more graceful was the acute essay in which he showed M. Zola how "he knew very little about himself since he had done all he could to give the public an absolutely false idea of his talent and of his work." Lemaître was the first to see and say effectively what it has been easy for the rest of us to say after him, that Zola's novels were good just where and in so far as they contradicted his theory of fiction, and that his adversaries had found in this theory their best weapon for their attack on his stories. For Zola was not, as he imagined, naturalistic, but rather a pessimistic prose-poet of a topsy-turvy, morose romanticism. Now, with this new point of view all Zola's work acquired a new artistic value. It is largely due to Lemaître that men have come at last to read Zola's novels in a sane and catholic spirit that is willing to choose the wheat and let the chaff be still. He has shown us how to separate the kernel that will give those masterpieces enduring life from the husks with which some prodigal sons of naturalism were fain to fill their bellies. Thus the critic saved the novelist from himself. The essay on Ohnet had been destructive, mordant, sterile. This was a fruitful inspiration. Such criticism educates a chosen public to eager curiosity that will discuss, discern, and judge, and so it becomes a power in upbuilding the literary taste of a whole people, helping them to enjoy by helping them to understand.

In still another vein is the essay on Renan, that will o'-the-wisp director of souls. But here the lambent flashes of wit are so delicate that only a somewhat long citation can suggest its quality :

"It would be interesting, though quite useless, to draw up a list of M. Renan's contradictions. His God now exists and now does not exist, is personal and impersonal. The immortality of which he sometimes dreams is now individual, now collective. He believes in progress and he does not believe in it. His thought is sad, his mind gay. He loves historical science and he disdains it. He is impiously pious. Though very chaste, he often evokes sensuous images. He is a mystic and a practical joker ; naive and sly, Breton and Gascon. He is an artist, yet his style is thoroughly unplastic. It seems precise while it is slipping like water through the fingers. Often the thought is clear and the expression obscure—unless it be just the reverse. Under apparent connections lurk startling contradictions, and there are constant abuses of words, imperceptible equivocations, or even some charming bit of sheer nonsense. He affirms what he denies. He is so bent on not being the dupe of his own thought that he can say nothing in the least serious without adding a smile and a jest. . . . But he knows exactly where his irony begins and ends. . . . If M. Renan is an enigma, he is the first to enjoy it, and—perhaps he is trying to make the riddle harder still."

Here the wit is never sharpened to rancour nor broadened to familiarity, and the same keen frankness appears in the articles on his other fellow-critics, Anatole France, Weiss, Sarcey, and even on that somewhat acidulously dogmatic dialectician, Brunetière. In these papers he gives the fullest expression to his conception of the nature of criticism among the literary genres, and so we shall have occasion to recur to them at the close. We have seen him now excoriate a charlatan, reveal to itself a self-deceiving genius, and give to the modern Democritus the serio-comic treatment that he invites, making the mind of literary France the richer, not alone through his essays, but by them. But these are the foot-hills of Parnassus. A guide is still more necessary to those who seek the higher walks of drama and of poetry.

It is here, I think, that Lemaître would rest his fame, and not unjustly. Leconte de Lisle, Heredia, and Sully-Prudhomme owe to him more of fame than does any prose writer. His recent and already famous essay on Lamartine has been a most important factor in the revival of that poet's fame, though such a revival might have been looked for in a generation that shows a mental weariness very like that which found so faithful an echo in the *Meditations* of 1820.

Here again the critic has saved the author from himself. Lamartine was a *poseur*. It pleased him to be pictured :

"Like the vignette of some early editions of *Les Méditations*, a tall poet on a promontory, with his hair floating on the wind. . . . This Lamartine of the legend was brooded over by the twelve crossed wings of his mother and his five angel sisters, sickly pious, feminine, with

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David's harp leaning against his long redingote."

But all this was only pose, and his genial rescuer proceeds to show that Lamartine, like Chateaubriand and Hugo, had "the gift of inexactitude" (delightful phrase), and he makes us breathe the freer with proof in plenty that we need not believe the puerilities with which the poet saw fit to make ridiculous a childhood and youth that, in fact, had produced quite the average crop of wild oats. Here is the real Lamartine:

"A genuine little Burgundian farmer . . . with less interest in study than in jovial gallantry. . . . What swells with its sap those exuberant *Harmonies*, that paradisiacal *Jocelyn*, and that unequal but splendid monstrosity, *The Angel's Fall*, is perhaps these twelve years of restless idleness in which he sought himself; and there gathered in him, as it were, a vast hidden reservoir of unexpressed poetry. He had nothing to do then but to let himself flow. . . . From those gentle caresses that wrapped his childhood, and to which the great young scamp used, no doubt, to come for shelter and warmth after each escapade, Lamartine got the religious worship of womanhood, a love of purity of expression, a shrinking from irony, an incapacity to comprehend it in others, an invincible chastity of pen, an inconceivable awkwardness in painting vice and evil, that in *The Angel's Fall* becomes really amusing."

Wonderfully keen, too, is Lemaître's analysis of the novel elements in Lamartine's lyrics, and he shows how his fame declined in proportion as these elements lost their charm with the decline of romanticism, while it rose when and as they were restored to favour. But our interest is not immediately with Lamartine, and my only purpose with him here is to show Lemaître's critical method and to give some hint of his spirit. And yet the best of this must inevitably escape us. In short citations the wisdom is too often masked by the wit, and even those who may read his detailed analysis of Lamartine's æsthetics will find his smiling vivacity carrying them along so lightly that they will hardly realise (until they begin to gasp) into what rarefied philosophic air they have climbed in considering "the Hindu character of Lamartine's poetry," or its relation to Renan's *Philosophic Dialogues*, or the psychological causes of the poet's failure when he essays to paint the sensuous or the terrible.

In the lengthening series of his dramatic criticisms, Lemaître shows the same subtle keenness and delicate ingenuity that mark his dramas, with the same playful wit and daring flashes of style that give their unique charm to *Les Contemporains*. But if we seek to bring order out of the studied chaos of these well-nigh two hundred articles, it will be necessary to arrange them systematically, though even this will reveal to us no dogma. The studies fall naturally into groups dealing with the classical and the contemporary French stage, the classical and the foreign modern drama.

In spite, or possibly because of his modernity, Lemaître is a devoted Grecian. But, as we should expect, his interest centres, like that of his kindred spirit, Browning, not in the titanic force of Æschylus, nor in the severe poise of Sophocles, but in the restless psychological curiosity of Euripides, to whom he returns again and again, charmed, like Hylas, with his own image in that Castalian spring. It is with no awesome rapture that Lemaître approaches the classics. He tells us that he loved Euripides because "he despised Scribe twenty-four centuries before he was born." He sees in the Athenian's attitude toward tradition an anticipation of his own toward the mediæval legends, and he does not scruple to remark that the protagonist of *Ion: est de ceux à qui on ne la fait pas*.

Shakespeare, however, is to Lemaître the supreme poet, though before some passage in 'Ercles' vein he admits that Voltaire "was not so far wrong when he compared him to a drunken savage." He feels more akin to the fairy fancies of Titania than to the philosophic musings of Hamlet or to the awful passion of Lear. Exquisite is a passage in which he contrasts Shakespeare and Sophocles, the grove of Œdipus with the forest of the midsummer lovers:

"In place of oak and laurel, with evergreen leaves standing clear cut against a blue sky, here are great swaying trees, through whose quivering branches moonbeams trickle down and invisible beings flit rustlingly. The whole play is interpenetrated with swarming life. Titania calls and the sylphs appear about the beloved ass's head and dance around. The contrast is so sharp, the symbol so clear, the whole so bold and yet so gracefully fantastic, that it becomes at once painful and comic. We move in a dream, and hardly know whether we are more troubled at heart or amused in fancy."

The perennial interest of the French critics in their own classical drama is

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always rather a puzzle to foreigners; but one must admire the ingenuity with which Lemaître revamps these old and apparently quite outworn themes. Here, more than ever, he is delightfully unconventional in his judgments, is quite ready to suggest improvements in Corneille and to correct the art or the ethics of Molière. And from one who can spy out spots in the great luminaries of classicism, we may be sure that Marivaux and Voltaire, those meaner beauties of the eighteenth century dramatic night, will not escape scathless. With the poets of the North he has much less sympathy. He minimises the novelty of their achievements, and protests with much vigour against those imitators who have sought to innoculate the drama of France with Ibsenism. This is an instinctive, though a reasoned repulsion. The French nature lacks the tendency to mysticism that we share in some measure with the Northern peoples. Yet it is interesting to note how the critic's mind is roused to ask what it is in Ibsen, Tolstoy, and the rest that he does *not* enjoy, and to define it with an acuteness that has no touch of chauvinism.

Among the modern French playwrights the qualities that he admires are strength and vigorous self-assertion rather than deftness or grace. Augier, therefore, is more to him than Sardou. But his keenest delight is in Dumas *fils*, that "prophet in Israel, the Jeremiah of the Boulevards who condescends to wit." This admiration is significant. It expresses that cult of force which is a frequent symptom of a time of arrested literary and social development. Himself cautious, balanced, reserved in judgment, Lemaître's sympathy goes out toward the man who throws himself with all the strength of his body and soul into even a paradoxical conviction. As he says of himself: "If the choice had been left me I would have chosen first to be a great saint, then a very beautiful woman, then a great conqueror or statesman, and last an author or artist of genius."

He could be none of the first because the virtues that he admired were, as usual, those that he did not possess. The dominant traits of his mind are poise, suspended judgment, eager and almost voluptuous enjoyment of all literary beauty. Brunetière tells you dogmatically what *is*, Lemaître says he is "never sure of such things," and prefers to tell you what he *feels*. So in the course of a very interesting critical confession in the preface to the last volume of *Les Contemporains* he says, replying to the strictures of Brunetière:

> "I could judge as well as any one by principles and not by impressions. They say that I am unstable. I could be fixed if I chose. I could judge works instead of analysing the impressions I get from them. I could support my judgment by general æsthetic principles. In short, I could 'do' criticism, mediocre perhaps, but still criticism. Only then I should no longer be sincere. I should say things of which I was not sure, while I am sure of my impressions. I know only how to describe myself in contact with works submitted to me. . . . That is not criticism, you say. Then it is something else; I do not care at all about the name of what I do. . . . To be always judging is perhaps never to enjoy."

His ethical and religious ideas have the same dominant traits. His character, apparently sinuous, is really simple. He typifies that product of modern civilisation that Goethe sought to symbolise in Faust, the idealistic realist. The attacks of the moral iconoclasts on the conventional duties of social life have no charm for him. He is interested in every new thought, but his sympathies are with all the noblest aspirations of pagan and Christian humanity. His creed is undefined. He is not anxious to make it even consistent, for, as was said in welcoming him to the Academy, he fuses the two great souls of the world, placing beside the exaltation of faith and above the weakness of reason a universal religion which he would rather practise than prove, apply than analyse, enjoy than understand.

For the noble expression of genuine passion and emotion, Lemaître has perhaps the most subtle and exquisite sympathy of any critic. For though he is a keen satirist, a great master of irony, and even of mocking gaiety and lighthearted *blague*, yet the royal acid of his wit, dissolving all baser metal, leaves true literary gold only the brighter for its application. His style is full of brilliant flashes, sparkling vivacity, and caressing harmony. The language is supple, easy, flowing, sinuous, with dashes of colloquialism that make it wonderfully piquant. "No books give a more exact idea of what the French language is to-day." Such is the admission of Doumic, that *fidus Achates* of

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Brunetière. If we are seeking for the systematic and rigid application of critical theories, we shall not turn to Lemaître; but no critic will help us to greater literary delights and no critic's help is in itself more delightful.

Benjamin W. Wells.

A SPANISH ROMEO AND JULIET.

When French critics found Boccaccio guilty of plagiarism from their own early tale-tellers I am not aware that any like plea was put forward from Spain in behalf of the little town of Teruel, and of a story whose scenes laid there have become familiar as a popular drama to the entire Spanish-speaking world.

The fact is, however, that in the instance which we are about to consider, we have only to read the Italian and then his reputed Spanish original to find that they are one and the same, and that the merest variation of minor details is all that differentiates the tale of *Girolamo and Salvestra* of Florence from that of *Marcilla and Segura* of Teruel.

It was in the middle of the fourteenth century that Boccaccio wrote the former. The latter is reported as having taken place between the years 1212 and 1217. The one has remained a classic from the first; the other has been passed from hand to hand in the form of poems, history, novels, and dramas —now well, now badly used—until at last, on the night of January 19th, 1837, Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch became suddenly famous throughout Spain by the production of his drama, *The Lovers of Teruel*, wherein the whole story was related and given its final shape.

THE LOVERS OF TERUEL.
From a photograph.

The name of Hartzenbusch as well as the phase in Spanish literature expressed by him is not so well known as it should be. A mere outline of his life will, however, here be enough. His father, a cabinet-maker, was a German, his mother a Spanish woman, and the young man for some time pursued the trade which was offered to him in the employment of his father. During this time he devoted himself chiefly to translation. Later he was to figure as a leader in the Spanish literature of his time as prose writer, critic, bibliophile and scholar, head of the national library, Academician and popular favourite. He died on August 2d, 1880, at seventy-four years of age.

In the town of Teruel, in the twelfth century, was enacted the popular story which has come to us to serve as material for plays, romances, and poems, and which has brought with it much of the middle-age spirit.

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When Alfonso II. reconquered the ancient Roman city of Teruel from the Moors in 1171 there were in the Aragonese army no braver men than Blasco Garcés de Marcilla and his brothers, descendants of the King of Navarre, Garcia I., through Fortún Garcés, his grandson. These were among the settlers who here took up their abode for the advance of the Christian cause and the holding of the newly acquired city.

The son of Don Martín Garcés, brother of Blasco, also named Martín, married Doña Constanza Pérez Tizón. Their son is one of the chief figures in the story which has made all famous. Juan Diego Marcilla was born in the year 1190.

Of the Marcillas and the family of Muñoces there have come down details of bloody encounters in the streets, of factions and night attacks, of sudden murders and of quick revenge. The name also of Segura is a marked one; and it was from the house of Segura that the other chief character was descended. The two family mansions were found in the present street of "The Lovers," at that time, however, known as Ricos-hombres and San Bernardo. The new name records the tradition.

At the end of the twelfth century these houses were occupied by Don Pedro de Segura and Don Martín Garcés de Marcilla respectively, both of noble descent; and the daughter of the former, Doña Isabel de Segura, born in 1197, appears to have been early the object of the passionate attentions of the son of the other house. It was not, however, until 1212, when the young lady had reached the advanced age of fifteen, that her hand was formally asked by Diego.

Don Pedro de Segura figures in the traditional attitude of the conservative and prudent father. He refuses the advances of the young man on the ground of the latter's want of fortune compared with that of Doña Isabel, who, as the sole heiress of her father, possessed thirty thousand sueldos, without taking the house and its contents into consideration.

Whether it was actual poverty or whether the fact of Diego's being a second son acted as the cause of his refusal, is not clear, but it is certain that the lover insisted manfully upon his claim, and undertook to furnish the wanting fortune, to which end he asked that a space of time be given him that he might seek wealth in arms, the only means at hand. Diego left Teruel at once and enlisted in the combined army of Pedro II. of Aragon, Alfonso VIII. of Castile, and Sancho II. of Navarre, which was at the moment formed into a coalition, afterward to be famous in Spanish history for the meeting and destruction of the Moors.

It was, in fact, that moment in the history of the reconquest when the most serious effort so far undertaken against Spanish-Arabian influence was to be successfully carried to an end in the bloody battle of Navas de Tolosa. Here it was that the Christians, united and determined, met in desperate conflict a great Moorish army, and in the crushing defeat of the latter laid the axe at the root of Mohammedanism in Spain.

It was a short time after he had left his native city, that Diego is said to have taken part in this struggle—he being one of those who, with the King of Navarre, attacked the tent of the Mohammedan leader, breaking through the chain which surrounded that tent, by which the right was gained to wear around the margin of the shield a chain in memory of the deed. In various parts of Spain broken fragments or single links, said to be part of that chain, are still to be seen.

He continued his struggle against the Moors, gaining great reputation and money; but as he seems to have been somewhat forgetful and to have spent more than five years—the allotted period—in the undertaking, he arrived at Teruel to find that Isabel had become the wife of Don Pedro Fernández de Azagra, natural son of Fernández Ruíz, second lord of Albarracín, having surrendered at last to the insistence of her father.

The story goes that it was on the same day on which the lover returned that the marriage was celebrated. But, when he learned of it from his parents, in desperation he secretly obtained entrance to her room, where a somewhat unnatural but altogether dramatic scene, we are assured, took place.

After the husband has fallen asleep Marcilla addresses Isabel and implores her to give him one last kiss. (Boccaccio varies the story here by making him beg to lie by her side, which being granted, he most inconsiderately dies

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by holding his breath.) But the resolute lady resists his advance ; and upon repeating the same request he suddenly adds, "Farewell, Segura," and falls dead.

We are unfortunately here deprived of those precise details with which Shakespeare might have presented us. All happens in the most dramatic and perfect manner, however ; conscience and the heart work out the grand total without recourse to the meaner agencies of sword and dagger.

Isabel in terror perceiving that Diego is dead, awakes her husband ; but fearing to relate to him at once what has taken place, she begs him to tell her some diverting story. Having during its recital recovered her presence of mind, she informs him of what has occurred, pretending, however, that it has happened to a friend. Azagra promptly brands the lady of the story as most unkind and selfish in not having kissed her lover and for having thus let him die. Whereupon Isabel discovers the truth to him and points out the body of Diego.

The astounded Azagra rises, and, after considering for some time and not knowing what else to do, secretly carries the body of Marcilla to the door of his father's house, where, in the morning, it is discovered. A great cry is raised, but to no purpose. The body is without any sign of violence, and the corpse is finally prepared for burial with the pomp and splendour corresponding to so noble a family and to the riches which Diego had brought with him from the war.

More tragedy now follows. With great accompaniment of clergy and troops the body is taken to the church of San Pedro ; whereupon Isabel, overcome with the pain of having been the cause of the death of her betrothed, resolves to go and give Marcella the kiss which she had denied him in life. In a rough disguise she mingles with the women going to the funeral, and, arrived at the church, approaches the body, removes the cover from the face of Diego, and kisses him upon the lips. At the same moment she expires upon the coffin.

The climax has now been reached ; the dramatic impression produced. All stand in horrified silence. Then follows the discovery that Doña Isabel Segura is the person disguised. Whereupon Azagra relates in detail all the circumstances of the preceding night, and it is determined that the two bodies shall rest in the same sepulchre.

Such is the popular tale. But the curtain has not gone down finally ; there is an epilogue to be heard—an epilogue dealing in graveyard trophies half recalled to the flesh. In the church of San Pedro in Teruel to-day are the veritable human documents for the proving of the tale to sceptics.

The two bodies remained interred, it appears, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and in the latter (as certified to by notaries), in the year 1555, Miguel Pérez Arnal, being judge of Teruel, while renovating an ancient chapel of the church of San Pedro with the object of constructing that which today is dedicated to the medical saints Cosme and Damián, two remarkably preserved bodies were discovered ; and when it was sought to learn whose remains these were, it came to light through the records of the church that they were those of Juan Diego de Marcilla and Isabel de Segura, and that no one had been buried either before or after them in that chapel.

Having been replaced in their former position, when the reconstruction of the chapel terminated, they were again exhumed on April 13th, 1619, and from that date until 1708 rested as peacefully as possible in a cupboard, whence they were removed to the cloister and again set up in a cupboard with a marble inscription above them :

> *Here repose the celebrated Lovers of Teruel, Don Juan Diego Martinez de Marcilla and Doña Ysabel de Segura. They died in the year 1217, and in 1708 were transferred to this church.*

Finally, in 1854, the people of Teruel, realising at last the importance of their mummified lovers, had them placed upon a walnut stand, supported mechanically in a standing position and clothed in light gauze skirts ! It is impossible to conceive of anything more grotesque or amusingly horrible. The romantic and passionate story ends in a show-case. The dusty, bony corpses raised to a horrible similitude of life, are even so adjusted as to suggest an affectionate gaze toward each other—a

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gaze emanating from profound sockets above which are two bald and glassy heads. Marcilla is the best preserved—the lady having been injured and having lost an eye in the exhumation in 1555.

In 1555 Pedro Alventoso, a native of Teruel, published his *Sad and Sorrowful History of the Tender Lovers of Teruel*, a book which has become exceedingly rare, and of which, I believe, but one copy exists.

In the National Library at Paris, in that of the Duke of Gor of Grenada, Pedro Lainez, a poet and friend of Cervantes, speaks at length of the history of the *Lovers of Teruel* in one of his poems. In 1577 Bartolomé de Villalba published a book in which was included a history of them. A tragedy by Micer Andrés Rey de Artieda (Valencia, 1581) is the most ancient of all dramatic works devoted to this popular subject, and is peculiarly interesting because, in a measure, it follows the accepted story.

The ninth canto of the poem *Florando de Castilla* (Alcalá, 1588), by Gómez de Huerta, is also dedicated to the history of the *Amantes;* and Tirso de Molina in 1616 prints a drama which places the action three hundred years after its actual occurrence, Marcilla being here introduced as a soldier in the army of Charles V.

In 1616 an extensive poem in twenty-six cantos, tiresome in the extreme, was published by a native of Teruel, Don Juan Yagüe de Sallas, and three years later Don Vincencio Blasco de Lanuza printed his *Ecclesiastical and Secular History of Aragon*, in which the whole story is treated as fabulous.

Another drama upon the Lovers was printed in Alcalá (1639-41) by Juan Pérez de Mantalbán, and in the eighteenth century there are four dramatic works on the subject: a burlesque comedy by Suarez; *Isabella*, a tragedy by an unknown author; *Los Amantes de Teruel*, by Comella; and an anonymous monologue. Besides these we have, in 1780, the *Genealogical Memoires of the Family of Marcilla*, by Don José Tomás Garcés de Marcilla, from which Hartzenbusch was to derive authority for the tradition of the family of Marcilla.

Manuel Salazar speaks of the *Amantes* in 1789, and in 1806 a short account of them was published by Isidoro de Antillón y Marzo.

Isidoro Villarroya published (Valencia, 1838) a novel based on the story, and in the same year a *History of the Reconquest of Valencia*, by Don Louis la Marca, also discusses the subject. In 1842 was finally published, perhaps, the best history on the subject by Don Estéban Gabarda é Igual. Articles have appeared in papers at various dates, in 1843, in 1855, and later.

In 1861 a new historical novel appeared by Castel León, and in December 16th, 1865, an Italian opera by Avelino Aguirre was played in the Teatro Principal of Valencia. In 1867 Eusebio Blasco brought out a parody upon it, *Los Novios de Teruel;* in 1887 a short satirical comedy by Angel María Segovia was played, and in 1889, on February 12th, in the Royal Theatre of Madrid, was produced another opera, in four acts, by Tomás Bretón, written first in Spanish and afterward in Italian. As late as 1894 a short novel, *Los Amantes de Teruel*, was published in Barcelona.

Archer M. Huntington.

THE BEGGAR.

The blinding heat of a July sun was stifling the air throughout the silent little village that crouched in the thin shade of its poplar trees like some exhausted wayfarer who stops to rest beside the road. It was but a poor hamlet bordering on the plains of Avor, with fields of flint-stones which under the intense glare of the sunlight resembled human bones.

In the belfry, twelve strokes had sounded after a preliminary chiming of the quarters. The door of the schoolhouse near the church flew open, and a swarm of urchins, boys and girls, came bustling out into the road, disturbing it for a few moments with their shrill-voiced cries and their scuffling feet, and then they disappeared one after another into the adjacent houses like a flock of

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pigeons, leaving the road again deserted, though blurred by a cloud of dust which once more slowly settled.

The teacher, a very tall and somewhat thin young man, with light hair and a yellow beard, appeared in his turn on the threshold. He shut the door, put the key into his pocket, and with a rapid step crossed over the highway toward the neighbouring inn, which could be recognised by the branch of firwood which served it as a sign over the door. Within, one found first a great cool hall, quite simply furnished with two large red-curtained beds, straw-bottomed chairs and several tables. When the teacher entered, the table at which he usually ate had been already set: a coarse white napkin, three thick plates set one upon the other, the bright tin covers, a litre of red wine, and the heel of an ample loaf.

Justin Pauly sat down, unfolded his napkin, and cut off a slice of bread. Only then did he observe that he was not alone. At the table farthest away and opposite one of the beds sat a man, his face completely buried in his hands, and with his elbows propped upon the table near his glass, in which the amber beer dissolved a glint of sunshine.

He was a most uncanny-looking beggar, more dilapidated, more unkempt, more thoroughly repulsive in appearance than is usually the case with country tramps, who always are more lucky than their city brethren in finding food and shelter every day. It was impossible to guess his age, so curiously browned were both his skin and hair, as though they had been harmonised by the action of a scorching fire. His very features had almost disappeared, obliterated by an eruption of the skin, which had half-closed his eyes, his nostrils, and his mouth. Pauly remembered that he once had seen in an anatomical museum some wax masks which represented certain miners at Saint Étienne who had been killed by an explosion of fire-damp. These masks had had precisely such a face as this, distorted and most hideously seamed. Pauly said to himself:

"It's probably some workman from Virzon who has had an accident—poor devil!"

He thought of it for half a moment, and then his attention was more pleasantly distracted. Mademoiselle Lucotte, the landlord's daughter, came bringing in the soup. The two exchanged a smile. Pauly ever since his arrival at Foissy had felt a strong attraction for her, finding her far more congenial than the other country girls, inasmuch as she did not speak their rude *patois*, having pursued since her mother's death a course of study with the Sisters, and having herself acted as a teacher for the younger children. She was a pretty girl—pretty, at least, for this country of plain women—with gentle gray eyes, a broad white forehead, sunburnt cheeks, and pale yellow hair arranged in a becoming twist. She put down the tureen and leaned over the table on her closed hands.

While fastening the napkin around his neck and helping himself to the soup, Pauly inquired:

"Is everything going well to-day, Mademoiselle Henriette?"

"Quite well, M. Justin. And with you also?"

"Quite well."

They looked into each other's eyes, and their glances plainly showed their pleasure, their mutual interest, and also their reluctance to say, perhaps, too much as yet in words.

The beggar in his corner looked up and spat upon the floor. With a questioning glance, Pauly called her attention to him. Henriette bent down her head, and still leaning on her hands said in a low voice that answered his unspoken question:

"I haven't the slightest idea. It's a whole hour now that he's been sitting there beside his glass without drinking a drop. When he came in he looked at me in such a strange way that he fairly frightened me. I'm awfully glad that you came, for papa's away. Catherine and I were really quite uneasy. But that's no reason why you should leave your soup untouched. Come!"

She turned away, after a rapid glance in the direction of the beggar. The teacher asked:

"Surely you aren't going to leave me all alone, are you, just because you're afraid of this beggar?"

"No, of course not. I'll sit down here beside you."

They commenced chatting just as they did every day, he swallowing spoonfuls of soup, and she by his side near the end of the table. The insignificant chit-chat of the village formed the staple of this daily talk of theirs which both of them

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alike looked forward to each morning with a certain eager expectation. Henriette took a lively interest in Pauly's pupils, and he gravely narrated to her all their tricks as well as the tasks and the punishments that he had imposed upon them.

"Jean Rousseau has really a good deal of talent. He wrote a dictation for me to-day without making a single mistake; and would you believe it, Mademoiselle Henriette, he came to me this morning to ask me how to punctuate! It's a pity, it's really a pity, that he's so harum-scarum."

"And how about Matthieu?" asked Henriette, who knew them all.

"Oh, Matthieu? He's an absolute idiot—the sort of fellow who'll be put to watching geese after he grows up."

Next they talked over the newspaper which the teacher had just received, and which he always loaned to Henriette for the continued story which it contained. It was a novel by M. Jules Mary, and Pauly found it very well written, but in a rather too pretentious style. Henriette, on the contrary, pronounced it simply "splendid."

When the teacher had finished his soup, she took away his plate; and although he objected, and out of politeness wished to serve himself, she brought him a boiled leg of mutton garnished with potatoes, and then took her place again beside him.

They had both by this time entirely forgotten the beggar, who in his corner sat before his glass, as still as death.

After a short silence, during which their thoughts persistently turned toward the same theme, Pauly asked in a hesitating way:

"And have you heard anything yet? No news still?"

Henriette blushed and then became preoccupied.

"No, not a scrap of news," she answered.

"And hasn't the Colonel sent you any answer?"

"Not yet."

The teacher shook his head.

"I imagine, then, that it's all over now. There can't be any doubt of it."

"Poor D'siré!" murmured Henriette. And putting her apron to her eyes she began to sob.

The teacher rose and leaned over her from behind her chair, endeavouring to comfort her with gentle words and timid gestures.

"Come, Mademoiselle Henriette, you mustn't grieve like that. It's a whole year now since you began to be anxious about this affair, isn't it? Considering that his two comrades who returned last year with his company assured you that he disappeared about two months before the skirmish at Liang-Fu—disappeared, in fact, like a deserter—he must have been captured by the pirates who infest the colony."

But Henriette continued crying, overwhelmed by the thought that the man whom she had loved, the man who used to take her in the evening to walk among the hedgerows, and who had been the first to clasp her to his heart, was now dead, dead and mouldering in the earth, ever so far away in the land of the barbarous Chinese.

"Poor D'siré!" she kept saying. "He loved me so! If things had not happened as they did, I suppose that we should now have been married by this time."

"No doubt," replied Pauly. "It's very sad, of course. But now that you have lost your lover, just consider whether there isn't some one else who also loves you—who loves you, in fact, as much as did poor Désiré."

Henriette raised her head, her eyes shining through her tears. She nervously twisted the strings of her blue apron in her fingers, revealing of a sudden the true coquette, in spite of all her sorrow.

"Why, who can that be, M. Pauly?"

He drew her toward the bench, and they sat there side by side in a corner where they thought the beggar could not see them.

"Well, it is I, Mademoiselle Henriette. Don't you really know how much I love you?"

She grew very red, and her tears were dried upon the burning blushes of her cheeks. To be sure, she had a tender recollection of poor Désiré, who had died in Asia, far from all his friends; but still she was so young, she couldn't always remain single without some one to pet her, to hold her hands, to embrace her, and to love her. And all the while Justin Pauly in a low voice kept on trying to persuade her.

"Désiré surely must be dead; there can't any longer be a doubt of it. You've shed tears enough for him already, and

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really you've been faithful long enough to his memory."

And, moreover, he thought to himself, without saying any ill of this brave fellow, whom, after all, Pauly himself had never known, was it not really allowable to think that he was not quite the husband that she ought to have? This Désiré was almost entirely illiterate; he was only a workman—what sort of a home could he have given her anyway?

She bent her head still lower and made no answer.

"Well, then," said he with a discouraged air, "I see very clearly that you love him still, and that you don't care for me at all. So I know the only thing that is left for me to do."

"And what is that, M. Justin?"

"To ask for a transfer. It happens that I have a friend who wants to make a change, as he's a native of this province. I'll write to him about it."

Henriette seized his hands at once with a quick, nervous movement.

"Surely you won't do that, M. Justin?"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" he answered, turning away his eyes. "I should do wrong to stay here when you haven't the least bit of friendship for me."

"What! Not a bit of friendship for you? It's most unkind of you to say so! You know very well I have, and, in fact, more than I ought to have, and you know that I should be ever so unhappy if you were to leave Foissy as poor Désiré did."

Tears filled her eyes again, and she began to sob. Pauly drew her toward him and kissed her gently on the neck and on the face.

"Ah, please don't cry! I can't bear to have you cry, my sweet little Henriette. I will stay at Foissy, and indeed, even if you didn't care for me, I shouldn't have the courage to go away and never see you any more, morning and evening, as I do now. I'll stay, and" (he lowered his voice, hesitating a little) "later, perhaps,—when you are absolutely certain—if you'll let me, I'll ask something of your father."

She placed a finger on his lips as she replied:

"Yes, a little later, and I'll promise you. I shall be happy, ever so happy!"

And then, overcome by a frank longing for affection, she threw her arms around his neck and put her lips to his. They clasped each other in their arms; the ardour of young love thrilled them.

The sound of a table suddenly pushed back startled both. It was the beggar who had just arisen. They saw him as he stood there draining his glass at a draught and throwing down two coppers on the table. He passed in front of them while they even yet were clinging in a sort of half embrace. He looked at them for an instant and then departed with an uncertain step.

"He's had only a single glass of beer," said Pauly, "and yet he staggers like a drunken man."

"Did you see how he looked at us?" murmured Henriette. But Pauly did not answer, being tormented by a wish to kiss once more those lips that had just touched his own; and the young girl, also overcome by love, permitted him to hold her in his arms, for now that the beggar had departed she was quite at ease. They remained a long while thus, locked in each other's arms, as though this close embrace could shield them from the threat of some invisible and mysterious danger of which they had both been conscious even in the midst of all their tenderness.

Of a sudden Henriette pushed him away. Pauly, alarmed by the pallor of her face, cried out:

"What is the matter, Henriette? Are you ill?"

She only stammered:

"The man . . . the drunken man . . . the beggar! I knew *his* eyes! Ah, now I'm sure . . . yes, I remember!"

Pauly, in his turn, grew as pale as death.

"You recognised him?"

"Yes—at least it seems so, now. If it were really . . .?

She spoke no name, but her lover understood her. Then as she rose and was hastening to the door to look out on the road, he seized her hand and tried to hold her back.

"Henriette, I beg you, don't go!"

It seemed to him as though the happiness which he had just secured was going to escape him, to vanish away forever through that open door. But Henriette answered with dilated eyes:

"Yes, yes, I must! I *must* look!"

She drew him after her. They reached the threshold without letting go each

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other's hands, as though they feared to find the beggar hidden behind the door and ready to strike them to the ground. But there was no one there. The village, as their eyes explored it, showed them only its drowsy silent houses set on both sides of the long white road. But at the point of the horizon where the blue sky met this long white road, they saw a moving blur of black that slowly vanished in the distance.

Marcel Prévost, translated by H. T. Peck.

PARIS LETTER.

Is the pen really mightier than the sword? Not evidently in the opinion of everybody here, for we have just passed through what may be called a month of literary duels. We have had a duel between two poets; we came near having another duel between the grandson of a poet and the son of an ex-prime minister, who devotes to historical literature the leisure created for him by political defeat; and our last encounter was between a journalist and a general, who had rushed into print in order to secure for himself before posterity the doubtful honour of having in a day of political crisis ordered his troops to fire upon the people, with the most deadly results.

Perhaps the most curious of these duels was the one between the two poets, Robert de Montesquiou and Henri de Régnier. It had its origin in a harmless joke of the daughter of another poet, Mademoiselle de Hérédia. You see the feud belongs entirely to Parnassus. The joke related to a cane, and in the mind of its author was connected with a portrait of Monsieur de Montesquiou by Baldini, in which the poet holds a cane in his hand. Monsieur de Montesquiou seems, or claims, to have believed that he was thereby likened to the base specimens of the male sex who used their sticks upon the representatives of the fairer and weaker half of mankind, in order more rapidly to effect their exit from the terrible fire of the Charity Bazaar, and no explanation would satisfy him. Henri de Régnier, the husband of Monsieur de Hérédia's older daughter, had to meet him *sur le terrain*. Somebody was wounded, not seriously though, and honour was satisfied; but honour alone, for the combatants did not shake hands after the encounter, and it is said that the breach will never be healed. I must add that public opinion entirely sides with Henri de Régnier. His adversary has just published a collection of articles under the title of *Roseaux Pensants*. Had he been himself a little more of a "thinking reed" the whole incident might have been avoided.

In the next duel, which fortunately did *not* take place, we find the names of Hugo and Émile Ollivier. The latter, who has never been forgiven by the French for his share in the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, has undertaken to publish an exhaustive work upon the political events with which he has been connected. This work, which bears the general title of *L'Empire Libéral*, is to have no less than seven bulky volumes, of which the second, which deals with the early life of Louis Napoleon and with the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, has just appeared. Of course no one is more hated by the Bonapartists in France than Victor Hugo, the author of *Napoléon le Petit*, of *Les Châtiments*, and *L'Histoire d'un Crime*. M. Ollivier, in an extract of his volume published in advance by the *Figaro*, bitterly remarked upon the statements of the poet in relation to the events of 1851, and declared them untrustworthy; whereupon Georges Hugo, as the defender of his grandfather's memory, sent to the *Figaro*, which did not print it, and to the *Journal*, which did, a letter in which the ex-Prime Minister of Napoleon III. was handled without gloves. This led to a challenge sent to Georges Hugo by Émile Ollivier's son, M. Daniel Ollivier, a young lawyer, who seems to have inherited some of his father's ability. The seconds, among whom was, on Georges Hugo's side, Léon Alphonse Daudet, his sister's divorced husband, were already discussing the conditions of the duel, when Émile Ollivier, who had just heard of the affair, suddenly appear-

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ed in the midst of them, declaring that he did not consider himself offended by young Hugo's letter, and that therefore he could not allow his son's fighting a duel about it; and, moreover, that if there must be a duel—why, he would fight it himself. As he is now over seventy-two years of age, of course this ended the affair, and honour was satisfied without the shedding of one drop of blood.

A curious point to be noted about this affair is that while Émile Ollivier's book was published by instalments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the chapter in which Hugo is mentioned did *not* appear in the celebrated magazine. Did M. Brunetière refuse to print it? Was it not presented to him? This is the secret of the gods.

General Rébillot is another man whose honour is satisfied. His duel with Monsieur de Sainte-Croix, a writer in the advanced republican newspaper, *La Lanterne*, was also caused by the publication of Émile Ollivier's book. The author, of course, had to mention the massacre of December 4th, 1851, which took place on the Boulevard and began in front of the Maison Sallandrouze. In so doing, he tried to clear Marshal Canrobert's memory from the stain left upon it by this incident, when General Rébillot came forward in a letter addressed to the *Figaro*, shrieking aloud, "*Me, Me, adsum qui feci!*" or, as Racine would have put it,

"Ce que j'ai fait . . . j'ai cru le devoir faire.
Je le ferais encor si j'avais à le faire."

The old general, then, claimed to have ordered the firing, and even to have been for years treated very coolly by Canrobert for doing so. No wonder that a republican journalist told him some pretty sharp things about it. The duel followed, with just enough bloodshed to satisfy bloodthirsty Honour, and the two combatants heartily shook hands afterward, while the old warrior answered those who asked him why he had fought, "Why! I am devilish fond of fencing!"

And now, *paullo minora canamus!* let us hang to the peg the sword of our ancestors and record the doings of the pen.

First of all, to the seriously minded, I must mention a very important, perhaps an epoch-making book, by Dr. Maurice de Fleury, *Introduction à la Médecine de l'Esprit*. The title is clear enough to call for no elucidation. All I have to say is that the book is as clear as its title, and that it is intensely suggestive.

One of the great undertakings of the publishers Armand Colin and Company came to completion this month. It is the *Histoire Politique de l'Europe Contemporaine* of Professor Seignobos, which had appeared by instalments. It covers all the ground which Fyffe had intended to cover in his *History of Modern Europe*. I shall be surprised if an English translation does not appear before long.

I doubt whether Henri Lavedon's last book, *Les Jeunes*, even with its sub-title, *L'Espoir de la France*, will appeal to the same class of readers as the foregoing. These dialogues certainly make up the most *fin de siècle* book we have had as yet. I confess that it is hard for me to understand how a man of Lavedon's penetration can be satisfied with the pitiless *blague* that covers every page of the book.

Even Gyp has her serious moments. Her *Baron Sinaï*, which has just appeared, has a good deal to commend it as a study of some of the features of the influence in society of Jewish finance.

But everything this month in the domain of fiction yields, as far as success is concerned, to Marcel Prévost's *Dernières Lettres de Femmes* and to Ohnet's *Curé de Favières*. In a few days Prévost's book had reached its twenty ninth edition. There is no doubt that he is at his best in these short and somewhat sentimental sketches. It is a book to be taken up to while away a few minutes of fatigue in these hot days. How it will be read and its *cas de conscience* discussed by the seaside and in all the summer resorts!

As for Ohnet's sixteenth novel, it bids fair to be as successful as his *Maître de Forges* was years ago. It has the same qualities and the same faults. Its story is full of incidents, its situations are externally dramatic. The style, the psychology of the author have not improved since Jules Lemaître's merciless analysis of the same. But the public will read the book, which is far from tedious, and will flock to the play when it is dramatised, as it is sure to be. I must say here, by the way, that it is not a board-

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ing-school girl's book. There is a wide difference between Ohnet's *Curé de Favières* and Halévy's *Abbé Constantin.*

Jeanne Mairet's *Deux Mondes* will certainly not have as many readers as Ohnet's book, but it will interest the American public none the less. It cleverly contrasts American and European society, and neither Europeans nor Americans have a right to complain that the author was not qualified for the work. Jeanne Mairet, as is well known, is the *nom de plume* of Madame Charles Bigot, who is an American by birth, being the daughter of Healy, the artist.

With the hope that this will be the last time I shall have to do so, I again couple together the names of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. M. Rocheblave publishes in book-form George Sand's letters to Musset and Sainte-Beuve, formerly published in periodicals, together with his own thoughtful article, *La Feu d'une Légende.* May it be the end, indeed! We have another book on George Sand and a less exasperating part of her life, *La Bonne Dame de Nohant.* It deals, of course, with Lélia's old age. It is due to two authors, MM. Hugues Lapaire and Firmin Roy. They have done their work well.

I do not know who is the "Temoin Impartial" who publishes a thin volume on *Paul Verlaine et ses Contemporains;* but I can say that he is the reverse of impartial. He is an out-and out admirer of Verlaine, which does not mean, however, that his book is not readable and interesting.

At the last moment two important contributions to literary history have come from the press, a monograph on *Marivaux*, by Gaston Deschamps, in Hachette's *Grands Écrivains Français*, and a *Chronologie Molièresque*, by George Monval, which is published by Jouaust, and therefore a book for the booklover as well as for the bookman. I need hardly say that George Monval's name on the title-page is a guarantee of completeness and accuracy.

A few months ago I mentioned an excellent selection of Hugo's poems published by Delagrave. The same firm now issues a companion volume to the same, consisting of selections from Hugo's prose works.

Two thick volumes of practical information have just come out, both remarkably useful: one is the eighteenth yearly issue of Henri Avenel's *Annuaire de la Presse Française et du Monde Politique*, the other the first issue of the *Annuaire Hachette*, which is a totally different publication from the *Almanach Hachette.*

And as to the future? All I shall mention this month is a verse-play by Armand Silvestre, just read to the actors of the Théâtre Français. Title, *Tristan de Léonois.* It tells its own story.

Alfred Manière.

THE HOUSE OF WISDOM.

I had not thought (ah God! had I but known!)
That this sad hour should ever me befall
When thou I judged the holiest of all
Should come to be the thing I must disown.
Was it not true?—that April morn?—thy blown
Gold hair around my hair for coronal?
Or is this truer?—thou at the outer wall,
Unroyal, and with unrepentant moan?

Yet prize I now this wisdom I have won
Who must alway remember?—Nay! My tears
Must close mine eyes—as thou wouldst hide thy face
If some great meteor, kindred to the sun,
Should haunt the undying stars ten million years
To fall, some noon, dead in thy market-place.

Francis Sherman.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE MARTIAN.*

"Oh, crimini, but it *was* hot! and how I disliked the pious Æneas!" exclaims the biographer of Mr. Du Maurier's hero, Barty Josselin, in recounting their common school days at the Institution F. Brossard, fifty years ago. From the hour of Barty's enrolment, when he drew forth from his pocket a white mouse that stood upright in his hand, and winked the wink of successful, time-serving hypocrisy, and asseverated: "*I* shan't go blind; nothing will ever happen to *my* eyes," to the time when he was "plucked" from his class, and decided not to be a guardsman, but an artist, and returned to Paris and Antwerp, and *did* become blind, and was delivered from a fool oculist and from suicide by an angel from the planet Mars, and by her was inspired to write novels, and became the "greatest genius this century has produced," Robert Maurice was desperately in love with him, and the whole world reflected his light-heartedness and beauty. For he *was* beautiful, nor on such account was a *gringalet-jocrisse*, and words are empty and unavailing to show how brave and noble he was, and how he sung and danced into the heart of every man or woman he met, from the Circassian girl on the boulevard and that Jenny who was no Elaine, to *le grand Bonzig*, his schoolmaster, and the heiress Julia, who, despite the fact that he was Mr. Nobody of Nowhere, fated to a coat-of-arms crossed with the bar-sinister, all but proposed to him; from Leah, who made tea better than Julia, and whom he married, and Father Louis, who played Beethoven to him for a French song that the priest forgot to forget, to the charcoal-burner, who kissed him on both cheeks and gave him a large green lizard. Barty was too gentle to kill a hare, and fearless enough to outstare a stamping bull. Ah, it would be such a pleasure, even for the reviewer, to recall every incident in the joint lives of Barty and Bob, day by day, hour by hour, microscopically—to tell every book they read, every lark they shared, both in school and in the life struggle that followed, but this Mr. Du Maurier did, and he who runs may read.

Like *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*, the story is suffused with charming sentiment and quaint humour, and touched with a satire that is both well bred and keen. Twice one glimpses a *dreibund* of good fellowship that suggests the immortal group of Englishmen in *Trilby;* and the youthful scenes of the first third of the volume take one swiftly back to the opening chapters of *Peter Ibbetson*. The story is strewn with droll incidents, none funnier, perhaps, than where Barty and Bob come to fisticuffs over the question which should bleed himself to death on the other's tomb, *à la* Chateaubriand's Outagamis. As for satire, the only Jewess is Leah, whom Barty loved as he had Scott's Rebecca. M. Noiret, the sleek, rapacious oculist who maltreated Barty's eyes, and an English snob, Beresford Duff, who asked Barty if he really meant to "paint for *hire*." are hit hardest, perhaps, although there is a pen-jab at "the American gentleman," and no attempt to abbreviate the names of the German princes visiting Düsseldorf, Fritz and Hans von Eselbraten-Himmelsblutwürst-Silberschinken, "each passing rich on £200 a year."

The delightful informality of the narrative disarms criticism. The supposed chronicler professes to know only telegraphese, and lapses into comic despair over his unaccustomed task. Now he lags, and now he spurts, getting ahead of the story, and again recovers himself with the remark: "What matter how it's written so long as it's true." It is, indeed, made to seem true, and that as much by the chronicler's artful indifference to unimportant details which, he says, have escaped his memory, as by the minuteness with which he relates what he remembers. None of the dialogues are long, and there is only an occasional dab of natural description. The galleries and street scenes are sketched with a light, unerring touch. The tale moves much more slowly than *Trilby*, and lacks, if anything, a cumulative interest. Yet one lingers on each page, finds the note of suggestion every-

* The Martian. By George Du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.75.

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where, and comes to love the leisurely, wayfaring pace of the author. Du Maurier's mere use of "and" is refreshing; the sentences ripple along like waves chasing one another. And those impulsive, open-faced paragraphs! Did you ever notice how prone they are to end with some sage little afterthought, like, "One never quite knows," or "The world is wide," or "I forget what use we made of the money—a good one, I feel sure"? While the sentiment hangs like a globule of dew, we pause and reflect—and behold, I fear, *Mes compliments*. Never did writer let himself in on his materials more genially and confidingly, or by his own complacency lure the reader to a more amiable mood of self-appreciation. In the matter of style, the "Thackeray of a later age" whom Mr. Lang has been at some pains to name, is not Mr. W. E. Norris, as this astute critic implies, but plainly and unquestionably Du Maurier. It is probable that no writer ever reproduced the manner of another so bewitchingly and with so slight a sacrifice of his own individuality.

It is not difficult to surmise why the author of *Trilby* admitted a supernatural element into the present story. Like the hypnotic "business" of *Trilby* and of Bourdillon's *Nephelé*, Martia and the Martian's periodical consciousness of the north may whet curiosity and excite discussion; but these features can only detract from the literary value of the book, for they are not an integral part of it. Barty was such a wonderful fellow, we are informed, that he "must have had some special friend above." In no other way could his associates account for his abnormally keen sense of hearing and of smell, or his magnetic discernment of the north. He went on naturally enough, however, for one so extraordinarily gifted, till page 190, where we are told that "now he was nearing the end of the time when he was to be as other mortals are." Thenceforward we read of him, a dozen times, either that he "felt northless," or that he had a "sense of the north." We begin to wonder where Martia, as the chronicler said of Barty, "comes in," and are on the lookout for some vaporous "I call! I call! Appear!" business. The first intimation we have of her arrival on this planet is a series of dashing, affectionate letters indited to Barty and left on his desk. She expressed the fear that she would be but a vague, mysterious name. She is not half vague nor mysterious. It transpires that she had been unable to meet the high standard of motherhood obtaining in Mars, and came to our planet, that she might incarnate herself in some promising youth. Barty was "the most perfect being she was ever in," although she had been very fond of Lord Runswick, Barty's father, and was destined subsequently to inhabit one of Barty's daughters. Martia did his brainwork for him, and, thanks to her benign influence (she even gave him a list of books and urged him to cultivate a "decent English style"), his literary and artistic work "never cost him the slightest effort." Well, there is nothing remarkable about this, you say. It used to be parroted about that Browning had a pet spider that did all *his* writing for him. But the spider was captivating; and Martia, I fear, will lend herself only to parody. To me, she is like a diamond stud on the shirt-bosom of an imperial photograph. And the "north" is merely a catchword, like Mr. Dawson's "middle greyness."

The author's illustrations deserve a separate review. They are full of imagination and humour and dignity. And a "glossary"!—not devised, I'll warrant, by Mr. Du Maurier. "This time America shall have her little French ditties translated for her, so she shall!" the Harpers seem to say. What, pray, will be the next innovation in novel-making? Will the Appletons append a "glossary" of Scotch idioms to Mr. Crockett's forthcoming story, so that no one may misread "Ye canna gang to the kirk"? Or, will Messrs. Little, Brown and Company furnish a "key" to Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's translation of Sienkiewicz, giving the English equivalents of such Polish expletives as, "I beg! I beg!" and "With the forehead"? Let us hope so.

George Merriam Hyde.

MR. BELLAMY REPLIES.*

When enough copies of a book have been sold to make a ring around the world, if they were placed edge to edge,

* Equality. By Edward Bellamy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

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it is a very delightful surprise to find in the sequel, that with charming modesty the author provides, by a synopsis of the first part, for the entertainment of those who have neglected to acquaint themselves therewith. Everybody remembers the tremendous sensation that was produced by *Looking Backward*, and very few, perhaps, will need to have the peculiar hypnotic experience of Mr. Julian West recalled to mind; it will, therefore, be sufficient to say that the present volume, *Equality*, is simply a continuation of his story; that it begins, as to time, the moment after *Looking Backward* pauses, and that, as to plot, it doesn't end at all, but simply stops, leaving Julian and Edith still on the ragged edge of matrimony—and the reader will be fully possessed of all necessary information on that portion of the subject.

THE BOOKMAN, however, is a literary and not a political periodical; and any discussion of *Equality* in these columns must be based upon literary merit, purely and entirely. From which point of view the question is pertinent whether Mr. Bellamy is justified in using the framework of a novel to teach sociology? It is rather the fashion, nowadays, to say "No!" though to be sure our author might with some reason appeal unto Plato, who did much the same sort of thing in *The Republic*, only substituting Socrates for Dr. Leete. That the method is rather effective is shown pretty conclusively by the enormous circulation of the former book (not Plato's!), and the fact that the one at present under consideration was published simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy.

Naturally so wide a circulation involved a rather lively criticism, not so much of the literary as of the political side of *Looking Backward*, under which Mr. Bellamy held his peace for ten years. Meanwhile, the world has moved on rather rapidly, for if we except the first years after the crucifixion of Christ, the era of the French Revolution and similar epochs, there has never been known a period of such wonderful development in clear and consecutive sociological thinking as in precisely the decade 1887–97—a development, moreover, not in the closet, but in the field. Writers on and teachers of political economy are much where they were at the beginning of the period, but that the rank and file have marched forward is shown at once by the fact, that while Mr. Bellamy's Social Republic was in 1887 simply a Utopian dream, it has become, in 1897, distinctly, though unavowedly, a political issue.

But while, as we have said, Mr. Bellamy held his peace during the period referred to, he was evidently doing a great deal of hard thinking, which in the present volume has resulted in a series of answers to the criticisms made upon the first, or rather to such of them as deserved reply; for some of these were based purely upon individual taste, such, for instance, as that the Social Republic would be rather slow; others related to details, as to co-operative dining-rooms and the like; with these our author has very properly not concerned himself. But if his scheme of social salvation was to be taken at all seriously—and certainly it was so taken by the mass of the people—there were two well-founded objections to which it behooved him to reply, and to which accordingly he does reply in the volume in hand. The first was that his Utopia was thoroughly materialistic, "The Paradise," it was wittily said, "of the American drygoods clerk;" that while it certainly announced a commensurate development of the artistic and spiritual side of man's nature, it only made us feel his gain in material comforts. In a volume of sermons or essays, it was said, the announcement would have been sufficient; but a novel, even though the plot was merely nominal, must conform to the canons of art at least to the extent of convincing rather through the imagination than the reason.

The second objection was that, while we were shown "that Phœnix," the full-grown, we were not told any particulars as to its chipping the shell—that is, no programme was laid down for the transition from monopolistic competition, the present system, to co-operation or social democracy, the system of the future.

To these objections our author, after these ten years of waiting, replies, first, by insisting that the "Great Revival" must come before Act V., if we may so term it, of the "Great Revolution." This he does make us feel, though we

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may have our doubts whether Unitarianism will, after all, be the religion of the future, or whether a merely human Christ has the dynamic force presupposed by such a tremendous upheaval.

The second objection is met by the setting forth of a plan of operations, so clear and practicable, that really it might, just as well as not, be begun tomorrow. This plan we will not attempt to indicate; it must be read in the text. We will only suggest an answer to a criticism of one detail that is degradingly certain to be made—*i.e.*, that we have not, in the United States, any body of men to whom the work of re-organisation along the proposed lines could safely be entrusted. But, as a matter of fact, we have, during the last ten years or longer, been engaged in training, in our college and social settlements, in our Charity Organisation and Prison Reform Associations, above all, in our State and Interstate Commerce Commissions, men and women also, of intelligence, probity, and exactly the special technical knowledge required. The *personnel* of our reformers need cause us no anxiety whatever.

Our space is nearly full. We have no room to speak of Deborah and Barak, and all the rest of it. What has been told by no means exhausts all that there is to be said of the book from its literary side only. It is eminently quotable and abounds in epigram; this, in fact, is a far more notable feature than its characterisation, in which respect it is weak. Perhaps Mr. Bellamy's strongest point, artistically speaking, is allegory, or fable. "The Stage-coach" in *Looking Backward*, the "Water-tank" in the present volume, and the sort of semi-allegory presented by the group of statuary called "The Strikers," are things that one cannot forget. We should like to see a story by Mr. Bellamy rather more on these lines. Meanwhile, we are very grateful for *Equality*. And surely it must make us, with Little Lord Fauntleroy, "feel a queer feeling," to have the thought so prominently brought before us that if, in 1900, the American people at the polls choose to vote themselves economically free and equal, and not only entitled to, but determined upon, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," along the lines laid down by Mr. Bellamy, there is, so far as our author shows, or we can discover, absolutely nothing to hinder.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY.*

Whether Mrs. Sherwood has kept a journal all her life, or has been in the habit of writing voluminous letters to friends interested in the most trivial details of her existence to which she has had access, we do not know, but one thing is certain that many of the pages of her *Epistle to Posterity* read like undated and unsigned letters "run together," as the compositors say, with here a break and there a gap, for the most part artistically concealed. We feel sure of this, because almost from the first there is a vividness of impression and an exactness of observation which are indicative of the present mood in recounting things seen and heard. There are few signs of the pain and difficulty which attend the severe ordeal of recollection, little of the mistiness that forms the veil between the panorama of the past and the view-point of the present; nearly everything related is cameo-like in its clearness of detail. Names and dates, repartee and choice bits of conversation are added to the score with the mathematical nicety of a sum in figures. Either Mrs. Sherwood is gifted with a marvellous power of retention, quickened by a vivid sense of mental reproductiveness, or our hypothesis holds good. What substantiates the latter is the fact that just where Mrs. Sherwood errs in veracious statement or in her version of a story or incident against history, she does so at such times when we should say that she was drawing on her recollection of the past, or reporting hearsay, or it may be padding from contemporary annals for the sake of continuity or amplification. Chief reason of all for believing that the *Epistle* has largely been composed of letters or the pages of a journal, is the presence of that quality which is the best commendation of a letter—namely, its personality. Now personality in a letter takes note of the things that are uppermost

* An Epistle to Posterity. By M. E. W. Sherwood. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

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in the mind at the time of writing, and plainly reveals the mood in which it is written. And such a revelation of personality is very different from that which is disclosed in reminiscence.

Mrs. Sherwood's "rambling recollections" take us back to the thirties and forties, and her early life in New Hampshire, her parentage and pedigree are described with a generous pen. Mrs. Sherwood seems to have inherited certain traits from her father—he was "impulsive and lavish"—for the adjectival use of these qualities is apparent in many of her pictures, which are drawn with a very free hand. Mrs. Sherwood leaves the date of her birth in nebulous uncertainty, and a reference to the portrait (in photogravure) does not help us much, for she wears her years gracefully, and reminds us of what she says of her mother—"she died at fifty, looking only twenty." But we find her in the forties "intimate with the Sage of Weimar and with Thomas Carlyle," listening to Emerson's lectures, and welcoming the first little green books which emanated from Boz, and also the yellow-covered Thackerays.

"The first yellow cover I ever saw held Becky Sharp in its embrace. It was the purest and best society I have seen. No unclean thing came near it, but—alas that there is always a but!—my mother's clear blue eyes, sharp as a Damascus blade, cut through the dignified pretensions of Miss F.'s school. She found out that I was individually learning nothing, and I was surprised one night reading Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* at the hour of two in the morning.

"I have always illogically wished that Miss Edgeworth, now sunk into undeserved oblivion, could have lived to hear that anybody sat up *all night* to read her decorous *Helen*. What *fin-de-siècle* girl will do it now?"

Ah, who, indeed, Mrs. Sherwood?

But "Mary Elizabeth" was soon to learn the error of her ways, and trouble began to brew when Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Selden told M. E.'s mother that they feared she was reading too many novels, and when it was reported by the head of the circulating library that the same offender took out two novels every week, while Lucretia Brown took out *Mrs. Chaporee's Letters* and *The Serious Call*. Marched to her father's office by her mother, "as beautiful and quite as severe as Dante's avenging angel" (on another occasion she is described as receiving admiration at Washington "with the calmness of the mother of the Gracchi"), M. E. is arraigned in these words:

"'Colonel Wilson, here is our daughter whom we have sent to Miss Fiske's school, and of whose abilities and studious habits we had hoped so much. She was reading a novel at two o'clock last night, and she cannot parse a word of *Paradise Lost*. She cannot bound Pennsylvania, she does not know where Jerusalem is, and she thinks six times six may be forty.'"

Her father's strong sense of humour turned the sharp edge of her mother's asperity, steeled by Puritan Calvinism, but Mary Elizabeth was put "on a short commons of novels." Bulwer was entirely forbidden, but she was "allowed Walter Scott (God bless him!) and Miss Austen. God bless her a thousand times!"

During this storm and stress period was written her first story, published anonymously in the *Social Gazette*, a dear, clerical parlour sort of periodical. The recital of this experience, when Mary Elizabeth had "the exhilarating thrill of hearing my own writings read to an appreciative circle," is good:

"Mr. Prentiss said, 'That is a capital story.' I, the unknown author, sat burning in the background. My mother (O rapture!) applauded it. Dear woman, it was the only time!

"When I got home I told her I had written it. 'Go to bed, my dear; *it was a very poor story, indeed!*' said she sternly."

But we cannot linger longer among the entertaining and instructive events of Mrs. Sherwood's girlhood. She was sent to school at Boston, where rheumatics came to her rescue, and she escaped with her father on a journey to his temporary official residence in Dubuque, Ia. Her public life may be said to date from this time forward. The first distinguished personage she met was Daniel Webster. "How elated I felt," she says, "as my tall father put me up there [in the driver's box], and he whispered in my ear, 'Remember this, my daughter, you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!'" Daniel talked to her of Burns, Shakespeare, and Milton; he asked her if she knew any of Watts's hymns, "to my regret I did not, when he quoted two or three." His conversation was "like a great organ playing, and his smile was grandly beautiful." He gave her "a *Drummond's Botany* with his autograph. . . . It is unnecessary to say

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that I have that book still." At a reception given by Mrs. Webster she saw Charles Dickens for the first time. When he entered the room her "heart stopped beating." . . . "I also remember," she writes "(and I fear no one else does) what I wore on this momentous occasion," etc. Again: "I remember thinking that Mrs. Dickens's bonnet was dowdy." And so on the *Epistle* runs, recalling meetings with celebrities in the New World and the Old, what they said, what she said, what they wore, what she wore; retailing stories and gossip galore of "distinguished people" and "literati," social and literary flotsam and jetsam; regaling us with glimpses of the literary land of the fifties and sixties, and with impressions of foreign travel; then some solemn closing words befitting the author of *Manners and Social Usages* and *The Art of Entertaining* upon American society, its fashions, its snobbery, its mission, its power.

An Epistle to Posterity will not bear being taken too seriously. Its light featherweight groans beneath the burden of a too pretentious title. Its butterfly flight through the gay scenes of life, sipping honey from its brilliant flowers, might have borne a more airy title in *A Pæan to Prosperity!* There is an easy-going paganism about its nonchalant philosophy that froths and bubbles on the surface. The world to Mrs. Sherwood spells Society in large capitals. Such an epistle might have fitly been written for the amusement of a passing hour, but to bequeath it to posterity!—we echo her prayer when we think of it, but in a more serious sense: "Judge us lightly, Posterity!" We cannot help deploring a great opportunity lost by Mr. Bok when he failed to secure these chapters for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And when Mrs. Sherwood says, "I will not put in one word of gossip, not even in a postscript," it is not gossip we venture to think that she means, but scandal, for gossip is the staple of her book, much of it in the best sense interesting and readable, but how much of it frivolous, inconsequential, and stamped with a spurious value! But, as we have said, Mrs. Sherwood must not be taken too seriously. Happily for us, she has herself confessed in her preface that to her "Life has been an enjoyable experiment, and amusing, in spite of its sorrows and disappointments. Life is a success if we can work and laugh." It has been a "perpetual pleasure to her," to quote her own words again, "to see luxury march on with giant tread;" it is not possible for her to

> "believe that New York has been a bad or a dissolute city. . . . Eminent and beautiful lives, most charming and happy households, have held their own here, in spite of luxury and fashion. And what a small part of any city is any so-called fashionable circle!"

Posterity, she fears, if it read our buried newspapers, will be apt to think that we were very wicked, that the men's clubs were instituted to take away the characters of women, that society was only another name for a black eye. Well, Mrs. Sherwood has come bravely to the rescue, and has given posterity a few points. The effect is almost comic when she gets into the pulpit or sits in the moraliser's chair. The fact is that from the outset Mrs. Sherwood has been one of the fortunate; life even in her early years, as she says herself, was a joke that was just begun. "I was travelling into the Unknown, and it was like the fabled stuff of Damascus—whichever way you turned it, it was scarlet and gold." Just so, and we do not doubt that she has found life an "enjoyable experiment," that to her it has been a "success," yes, and "amusing" too.

If that were all?

Jay Mackay.

THE MEMOIRS OF BARON THIÉBAULT.*

Baron Thiébault's five long volumes are undeniably prolix, but they are good reading. His campaigns are not so lively as Marbot's, but he brings them well down to the comprehension of the civilian. The autobiographical element is always highly characteristic, and his scandalous stories sufficiently spiteful. If his frequent reflections seem lengthy, they are always either of real historical value, or else so peevish or fanatical as to surprise and entertain. Besides, the general, unlike most of his rivals, knew how to write and to describe. Springing from a literary family, born and brought up at Berlin

* The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault. Translated and condensed by A. J. Butler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.00 net.

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by his father, one of the more or less distinguished Frenchmen who shared Frederick's oppressive patronage, he became more and more a curious (and in those days rare) compromise between the professor and the warrior, in fact an early specimen of the literary and scientific soldiery of modern Germany and her imitators. His contempt for the gross ignorance of the half-educated generals and politicians who climbed over his head, he takes no pains to conceal, and the effect of his baffled ambitions and repeated disappointments was to confirm his literary vocation. As an historian, or even memoir writer, he will not stand high—his prejudices and discursiveness forbid that—but his monumental work is nevertheless valuable, in some respects indeed invaluable. And that chiefly owing to the minuteness and wealth of detail with which he labours certain minor, but obscure and important episodes on which he possessed personal and special information.

So much cannot be said of the present abridged translation. It cannot, and does not pretend to any historical value. In reducing the bulk of the work to about one third, Mr. Butler has been compelled to omit much interesting detail. The task of selection was a peculiarly difficult one, to which he is not always quite equal. For instance, the twelve pages (vol. v., pp. 27–39) which Thiébault devotes to his excessively important and minute revelations as to the secret history of Count Bentinck's trial —one of the worst infamies of the Empire—are reduced to the half a dozen lines which can be found in any short history. On the other hand, he retains a good deal that is quite trivial, especially in his first chapter, which is mainly a few disjointed nursery chronicles. Neither there nor in the Preface is the popular reader told anything to the purpose as to the position, profession, or previous career of the author's father—a man about whom Mr. Butler could have easily found out enough to make the earlier chapters more intelligible. In fact, from this unsatisfactory Preface, written in a somewhat off-hand, flippant manner, we should infer that he has grasped imperfectly the character of the author and of his work. Thus he attributes the Baron's failure in life mainly to "want of self-control leading to acts of insubordination." But compared to some of his successful rivals poor Thiébault was an angel of patience and docility. The fact is that he was profoundly distrusted. He was a born trimmer, but with odd little revolts of consistency always at the wrong time. Bigger men were more flagrant turncoats and intriguers than he, but they were more impudent and hardened. Thiébault was always hesitating, sitting too long on the fence, and whenever he did take the plunge, it was always ridiculously, comically too late. So he was always being found out. And instead of obliterating the traces of these *faux pas*, which in the general Saturnalia would have been soon forgotten, he made them a grievance and published too openly what he regarded as his bad luck. In fact, he seems to have been an honest fellow, who finding that simple merit did not succeed fast enough, tried to do as others did, and failed egregiously whenever he essayed a bit of knavery. Napoleon and his ministers regarded him as a most useful and conscientious subordinate in his proper sphere, but were too wise to admit him into the inner circle. They would never trust him or allow him to co-operate in their schemes. Further, it is probable that they had observed in certain episodes, which he of course suppresses or explains away, marks of that obstinate, wrong-headed, prejudiced, almost insane attitude of mind which often peeps out in his writing. How could such an oddity be trusted? Need we ask why he was not a marshal, when we find him, an educated scientific soldier, a keen observer of contemporary events, solemnly stating (and no doubt ending by believing) that the diabolical English, instigated by the Machiavellian Pitt, not content with flooding France with false coin, forged *assignats*, Greek fire, hired assassins and poisoners, positively sent adrift from their ports a fleet of empty ships, to be wafted by the wind against the French coasts and shipping, and that on the deck of each was an inhuman, unchristian, wholly infernal destructive agent—no, not gunpowder, nor even Greek fire—you will never guess—positively nothing more nor less Satanic than "*burning arsenic*"? The poor Baron has no sense of humour, or he would dread lest English historians should retort by recording how Boney had forced the fashionable vis-

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itors to evacuate Brighthelmstone and Margate by running aground among the bathing machines certain ships laden with infernal machines, charged with the deadliest of ancient Marseilles and Havre smells. Further, what responsible political or diplomatic post could be safely entrusted to a man who had persuaded himself into the monomaniac belief, that the *fact* of Louis XVIII. granting a pension to a sister of Robespierre *proves* that the Incorruptible was an aristocrat, and from first to last the mere paid agent of the Bourbons, and that the whole Reign of Terror was planned by Louis and directed day by day from Coblentz by means of his secret couriers? These are but two samples—granted they are the worst—of the nonsense to which Thiébault descends in his frenzied spite and hatred. Surely as general or statesman such a man must have been a trifle impossible.

But, after all, Mr. Butler's abridgment pretends to be nothing more than a popular work in a convenient, manageable form, and as such it is highly acceptable. Much of it will be found entertaining, especially in the first volume. The second, however, which commences in 1799, is less racy, the translator having retained little of the original beyond what bears upon the Peninsular War and the public career of Napoleon. To any one who remembers the fifth and last volume of the original, which appeared just a year ago, the fifty pages which here represent it will seem but a pallid ghost. Those who like reading about campaigns will, however, read their fill with satisfaction, and those who do not might waste their time worse in other ways. Mr. Butler's performance is on the whole satisfactory, though here and there he has rather missed the author's sense, and sometimes his sentences are obscure, and his phrases slangy. There is an index, but no table of contents or headings to the chapters, nor any dates whatever save those inextricably embedded in the text, so that the unlearned reader is quite in the dark as to the year. This is deplorable. Perhaps we should add that if the narrative seem in places strangely disjointed and obscure, that is not wholly Mr. Butler's fault. The original autobiography is equally so; the Baron always seems to be addressing himself to an audience who already knew a good deal about him.

Y. Y.

WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER."*

"Perhaps no English book," says Mr. Le Gallienne of *The Compleat Angler* in his charming Introduction, "except *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*, has been so beloved. Generation after generation has brought to it its young affections, and there seems every reason to suppose that the average of something like a new edition for every two and a half years, which so far *The Compleat Angler* has maintained, will even be surpassed in the future." Many editions of *The Compleat Angler* have been issued since this old book, "heirloom of ancient friendship," was finally revised by the authors over two hundred years ago, yet at no time in the past has public interest in its "muffled, sleepy" pages, evinced by the number of publishers recently and at present vying with each other in producing beautiful editions of the work, been so strongly marked. Each new edition justifies its existence in some added feature of illustration, editing or of bookmaking. But of all editions that we have seen we know of none more complete, more beautiful, more satisfactory in every way (unless for the bulkiness of the volume, which is offset nevertheless by its lightness of weight) than the one now before us, for which Mr. John Lane is responsible. The spirit of Walton's classic would seem to have possessed all concerned in the making of this book, "patient at morn, at evening patient still"—everything about it bears the marks of great care and deep reflection. Something of that "high content" which the venerable Izaak found in the pursuit of the gentle recreation of angling, enters the reader's mind "in the search and conference of what is here offered to his view and censure." No one needs to be told that the charm of *The Compleat Angler* lies not in its science of the game, but in the delightful personality of the Angler him-

* The Compleat Angler. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. New York and London: John Lane. $6.00.

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self, in its brooding peace and sunlight, its geniality, that rarest of human virtues and graces. As "Honest Izaak" says himself, "in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him [the reader], and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given and offences not given, but taken."

Mr. Le Gallienne's Introduction is very full and adequate, gathering up what has already been written about Walton, and incorporating some gleanings of his own in various fields of bibliographical research, all of which he has precipitated in a solvent of vivacious fancy and poetic feeling, and presented to us afresh in a delightful and readable form. His classification follows (I.) the outlines of Walton's Life, (II.) Walton's Literary Life and Friendships, (III.) The History of *The Compleat Angler*, and (IV.) Charles Cotton, the author of the Second Part. All extraneous matter and notabilia have been wisely consigned to an Appendix. This Appendix contains, among other interesting things, a skeleton bibliography of *The Compleat Angler*, appropriated, to use Mr. Le Gallienne's own word, from Thomas Westwood's *Chronicle of the Compleat Angler*, in which the history of Walton's romance has been written once and for all.

The illustrations, scattered in profusion throughout the work, are the most characteristic and harmonious, artistically, that have ever adorned the text of this quietest and most restful of all pastorals. It has been the aim of the artist to work continually from a topographical point of view. In this way we have engravings of places described by Walton along his routes from Tottenham to Ware, and by Cotton from Brailsford to his seat at Beresford Hall. There are also pictures of houses and scenes associated with the lives of the authors, besides the fine portraits in photogravure of Walton and Cotton. Maps are given and drawings of the fish, as well as numerous decorative headings and initials, all in harmony with the context. These illustrative features would in themselves enhance the value of this edition above all others, and when taken with the superior excellence of all parts of the book, it will be seen that publisher, editor and artist have combined to produce a *Compleat Angler* that, if not destined to be the final edition, is certainly most unique.

When addressing himself to the reader of "this Discourse" the Honest Angler exempted those men who were "too grave or too busy" from receiving "pleasure or profit by it." And yet turbulent and stirring as were the times then, this gentle little book with its note of peace fell like a benison upon men's minds, and was eagerly perused by the class least expected to enjoy it. If at such an hour this quiet message, breathing thoughtful breath, was one pertinent to the moment, may we not hope that in our day also, when men's souls are so sorely tried, the same message, as much needed, shall have the rare fortune of being heard? With Lamb's question to Coleridge we leave this book with the reader. "Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's *Compleat Angler*? . . . It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant angry passion: pray make yourself acquainted with it."

M.

BOOK AND HEART.*

To answer in one word what it is—this collection of thirty odd scriptures, in which book and heart are so distinctly blended—is impossible. They are both modern and old-fashioned, radical and cautious, scholarly and fragmentary, gossipy and sermonic. They are anecdotal and vital rather than literary; alert, stimulating, sincere, rather than analytic or informing. Colonel Higginson does not explore a subject, but probes it; and if he is fond of facts, likes the marshalling of them better; nor is he chiefly concerned with the artistic use which they may subserve. He is not a creative critic, like Mr. Stedman or Mr. Gosse, but a controversialist. For

* Book and Heart. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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years, as is said of Lowell, he has gone on lighting his pipe with flint and steel —the friction of other minds and current events—until it is difficult to say what he could have accomplished if his scrap-books, by some happy accident, had been burned and he had been obliged to ponder deeply and husband his own resources. As it is, the majority of these essays have a value akin to that of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and if they survive, it will be because of the wealth of quotation and anecdote they embody, and because of the sturdy manhood which informs them. Most of them were written during the past year. That they show no diminution of zest and insight and are well-timed is a wonderful comment upon the young heart and progressive spirit of an author to whom, at the age of seventy-three, not the nineteenth, but the twentieth century "becomes interesting," and who "turns for a theme to the coming generation." Their personal flavour is delightful. There is a charm in Colonel Higginson's reference to "Professor Longfellow," and in his recollection of the time when people spoke of the Waverley Novels as "the Scotch novels." No page is more delightful than that on which he confesses that life is a choice of drudgery, and says that of all forms of labour the one that is least repellent to him is that of the boat-builders on a certain sunny wharf.

"They work all day in their airy shops, with an endless stream of friends coming in to chat or children to play. The work always ends in something graceful and beautiful and useful, and even the shavings are sweet-scented and the dust is clean."

Colonel Higginson's Americanism is not always convincing. It is at its best in "Polite Society," "Classes and Masses," "International Marriage," and the discussion of immigration. In many of his literary discussions he pours his lightning through the narrow cranny of New England complacency, which, as Carlyle said of Scotch song, is perhaps "the narrowest cranny ever vouchsafed to any son of thunder." The question, "Are we not provincial?" seems to him to be purely a matter of manners, and his answer is that "all the manners of the great world are but little affairs of spoons and napkins and visiting cards." He appears to fear that those who have not reached middle age will not go abroad "to be Americanised." Messrs. Henry James and Bret Harte, again, "would have developed more lasting power had they remained at home." Such statements bear on the face of them a curiously circumscribed view of cosmopolitanism, and suggest the evolution of a Greater Americanism, which will not see the "colonial spirit" in the honest attempts that are making to broaden and denationalise art, and choose for it, at any sacrifice, a congenial atmosphere. When Colonel Higginson asserts that Emerson and Whittier and Longfellow were great "because they were first and chiefly American," it seems to me that he is placing their title to greatness on rather a narrow ground. Our great American poets surely need no special pleading. If they are great, it is because of their universality—their power to compare favourably with the other great ones of the earth. The query whether it is not "as great a thing to be fellow-countrymen of Emerson and Hawthorne as of Tennyson and Browning" is misleading. Its meaning, however, may be guessed from the allusions that follow:

"Even of these last names, it is to be remembered that Tennyson lived the life of a recluse, and Browning lived so much out of England that the fact was urged strongly by a brother author, James Payn, as a source of objection to his being buried in Westminster Abbey."

To me this is an eminently unsatisfactory statement, and reveals the precise defects of Colonel Higginson's criticism, both in form and substance. In any candid discussion of comparative greatness, these seem to me to be the very facts which are *not* "to be remembered." That Mr. James resides in London, that Tennyson was a "recluse," and that Browning sunned himself in Italy, may nettle Colonel Higginson; but it would be ungrateful, in view of their palpable achievements, to cast a single slur on the means whereby the achievers have been enabled to accomplish their ends. Moreover, there is a personality about such critical dabs which is very distressing, from any but a picturesque point of view. Mr. James may, even "derisively" (though I can scarcely imagine it), have said that Thoreau was not merely provincial, but parochial. But is it not unkind, and irritatingly uncritical for Colonel Hig-

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ginson to retort: "Yet that parochial life has found already three biographers in England, which is possibly two more than the lifelong transplantation of Mr. James may win for him"? Heaven knows that every writer is entitled to his full bundle of prejudices and aversions, and would else be very unentertaining. But there is an *animus* here quite beyond that inhering, for instance, in Mr. Maurice Thompson's expressed opinion that De Quincey will outlast Dickens. Undoubtedly Colonel Higginson feels that a principle is at stake, for he speaks elsewhere of "the narrowness of a merely literary ambition." Fortunately such a view of the matter does not prevail. If it did, literature would become very much frayed out at the edges. The trouble is that literary men, not the petted authorlings, but those who have a sense of reality and a capacity for originality, do not take themselves half seriously enough.

Inadvertently, Colonel Higginson has done an injustice to his contemporary, Bayard Taylor, for he asks what has become of Taylor's literary fame. I venture to say that the author in question is not quite forgotten. So far as I have explored the libraries of my friends, I find Bayard Taylor's poems holding their own beside those of Bryant; and as for his translation of *Faust*, it is everywhere, and Brooks's, for which Colonel Higginson has a decided preference, is nowhere. (Personally I, too, prefer Brooks's, but that has nothing to do with the question.)

Colonel Higginson is never so witty as when he is dilating upon the shortcomings of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in his youth, it appears, left one of Scott's novels unread, and was quaint enough to say so. The remarks upon the *morale* of Mr. Hamlin Garland's short stories seem to me to betray a total misapprehension of the realists' point of view.

In respect of their form, these discussions present an interesting study. When the author has something to say, as in the essays about Lowell, Mr. Crane, the Keats and Shelley manuscripts, or in those relating to the material condition of our country, he goes ahead and says it with force and freedom. The rest, and by far the greater number, depend for their unity upon some underlying moral motive, and are mainly composed of what in ministerial language would be called "illustrations." These are so heavily stamped (I wish I could say "richly embroidered," but the one thing they lack is colour, atmosphere) upon the web of his thought that it frequently becomes very tenuous. In this one volume, Colonel Higginson has laid under tribute fully one hundred separate authors, ranging from the elder Scaliger and Quintilian to Flaubert and Tolstoy, and the galaxy of New England writers, whose presence pervades the volume like a benediction. Not less than two hundred anecdotes or quotations are thus distributed over as many pages (counting out the more solid essays above mentioned), usually to point a moral. Too often, despite their aptness and scintillant virtue, they are like stepping-stones across a brook, from one to another of which the author nervously moves, lest he should find a gap that is too wide and be plunged into the cooling waters of his own thought. When I think of what the world may have lost, my wish is that Colonel Higginson would fall into the brook more often. I suspect that he got into this habit of self-suppression and extra-illustration many years ago, when he was a preacher. The one thing a popular sermon lacks is well-knit fibre. It is a string on which to gather pearls. Most of Colonel Higginson's essays are not essays at all, but sermonettes. I wish that I had been alive to hear him preach, for, of all things, I hate amplification—in a sermon. Very few of our younger men, I fancy, are giving themselves so generous a course of reading as Colonel Higginson gave himself. But on that account they have to think the more strenuously, and are delivered from the urgent temptation of being true to nearly everybody but themselves. Nor do they have at their command enough literary allusions, all told, to squander any on proving the obvious. But one cannot get a spirited essay by the simple process of stringing together little anecdotes. There must be a compelling motive, either ethical or the collector's—or the recipe, however straightforward, will not be followed. In default of this motive, I fear that Colonel Higginson's art will languish in times to come, although of listing *personalia*, in the newspapers, there can be no end. We shall have instead the biographical, the criti-

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cal, and the expository essay, in answer to the growing demand for information on literary subjects, and the growing disposition of people to depend upon their own judgment in the moral sphere.

I notice that Colonel Higginson continues to write the unaccompanied surnames *Tocqueville* and *Goncourt* with a *de*, although as far back as Wendell Phillips remonstrances have been raised against this usage. Should any one accuse Colonel Higginson of using slang, I would like a chance to defend him in this particular. He *did* "collar" that boy who disgraced himself on page 230; half a dozen dinners (p. 227) *would* "land" a person in a hospital; and "tough statement" (p. 5) is a quotation in dilution, for did not Huckleberry Finn say "some of her statements was tough"?

G. M. H.

THE LAST OF THE PROSPECTORS.*

Mr. Catlin has been prompted in this noteworthy novel to sketch the lines of a picturesque and distinctively American character, now a passing, vanishing figure, and to preserve his memory in the crystallised form which he has given to the prospector, the mountain wanderer, the tireless seeker. He regrets the absence of the master's pencil to limn him, but makes no apology for what he calls his rude sketching. Yet inartistic and crude as the work is for the most part, the character of "old Zeb" has suffused it with a human interest and intrinsic beauty which many books written with consummate finish and skill entirely lack. For two sterling qualities in the author have entered into the making of Zeb, a long and intimate acquaintance with the original type, and an informing sympathy resulting from this, which has quickened him into life through the imagination of his creator. Zeb is no mere piece of portraiture, he is a living creature to us, moving through the pages of the story as his prototype must have moved through the scenes in which he lived. *Yellow Pine Basin* comes to us like a rough piece of quartz, but the pure gold of one of nature's noblemen shines through it and makes it precious.

It is for the sake of "old Zeb" that this story will remain in the possession of the reader to be read again for the very pleasure of contact with so genuine and generous a nature. For the rest, we feel the artificiality, the uncertainty, the crudeness of the work too palpably to be interested or attracted by it. But Zeb is as vital a creation as Robinson Crusoe, or Natty Bumppo, or Doctor Maclure. We find in him the ingenuity and ready resource of De Foe's hero, the reverent spirit and unwearying garrulity of "La Longue Carabine," and the modesty and lovableness of Ian Maclaren's "Doctor of the Old School." Perhaps because of his setting among the wilds of nature, his amenability to its influences blending with his subjugation of its forces, he will oftenest recall the immortal pioneer of the Leather-Stocking tales. Indeed, one could wish that, like Cooper, Mr. Catlin might be tempted to go back to earlier scenes in Zeb's life, for in this story he has laid bare only the few closing months of his rough yet gentle career, the rest being filled in with hints of reminiscences, which are exasperating in their rich suggestiveness of a hidden existence full of singular experiences and adventurous deeds. The death-scene of the old trapper in *The Prairie* may be more grand and imposing as a spectacle, but nothing could be more touching or pathetic than the quiet, unostentatious passing of Old Zeb. In this scene the author has shown an artistic reserve and restrained power which impart a thrill to the narrative and add a climacteric effect that is full of surprise. It is a great pity that this fine effect should be weakened by what follows in order to give a conventionalised form to the melodramatic necessities of the story. Were it not, indeed, that the character of Zeb is strong enough (and it is all the more a tribute to the author's creative power) to hold the attention and sustain the interest throughout the book, it would fall into the rut of the commonplace. But Zeb at least has been drawn with the strokes of a "master's pencil," and for his sake we would fain wish for the book a wide reading and a long life.

The "prospector" is almost a thing of the past. Only here and there is he to be found in the mountains following, from habit more than from any other impulse, his old vocation. The quest

* Yellow Pine Basin. By Henry G. Catlin. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. $1.25.

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for gold-digging has ceased, there are no more unexplored lands in this vast continent for the pioneer, soon he will disappear from the memory of man, and it is therefore with gratitude that we as well as posterity may turn to such a work as *Yellow Pine Basin*, in which is told the story of what might be called "The Last of the Prospectors."

James MacArthur.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOWETT.*

Unquestionably the late Master of Balliol was one of the most striking personalities of the last generation. His most effective memorial is in the lives he influenced and moulded, and in the original and attractive writings he has left us. But some account behooved to be given of the secret of his influence, and of the sources and methods which produced these writings. Whether in the two large volumes of biography now published there is not rather an excess of material, whether alongside of the plethora of correspondence there is not somewhat of a paucity of the brilliant sayings of the late "Master," will no doubt be questioned by the public. But of that large number of men who could speak of him as "the divine Jowett," "the wisest and best man" they had ever known, few will be found to complain of the amount of material here collected. It is true that the aim of a biography is to present an adequate record of the life and a true picture of the character of its subject, not to preserve as much as possible of what he produced. But even so, no one who reads these volumes can fail to form a clear image of the remarkable figure depicted. For the biographers have accomplished their task with sympathy, insight and good taste. The first volume has been written by Professor Campbell, his collaborator in one of his most important works. It brings us down to 1870, when Jowett was appointed to the Mastership, and includes an account of his methods as Tutor of Balliol, of his *Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles*, of his appointment to the Professorship of Greek, of his efforts at University Reform, and of the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. The second volume tells the story of his subsequent years, and has been written by Dr. Abbott.

The extraordinary impression which Professor Jowett left upon many of the most influential men of our time becomes intelligible as we accompany him through the life recorded in these volumes. He was the ideal professor. Not only was he possessed of a striking individuality of character, not only did he cherish and express a high ideal of life, but he devoted himself wholly to the College and University in which he spent all his days. He had no ambitions or interests which in any degree diverted him from the main work of his life. At any hour of the day, or almost of the night, his door was open to any man of his College who sought his help. Nor did he confine himself to his own College. Very touching acts of kindness toward members of other Colleges are recorded in these volumes. It was this entire devotedness to their interests which won the men under his charge; "the depth and extent of his pastoral supervision of young thinkers," it was this which gave authority to his plain-spoken criticisms and which brought men to trust him utterly. He belonged to them. With all those great endowments which fitted him to win rewards outside the walls of his College, he was first of all and last of all "Master of Balliol."

It has been reckoned a blot on Jowett's character that he worshipped success. But that one who had the responsibility of launching so many young lives should anxiously scan their future career, and should rejoice in their winning positions of influence is pardonable. Besides, his own life was remarkable for nothing more than its completeness. "Mine," he said in dying, "has been a happy life. I bless God for my life." Certainly its placid happiness, and its readiness to overflow into other saddened and crushed lives is conspicuous, but still more so is its success. It exemplifies the command a man may have over his own life; how, if he takes the measure of his own capabilities, and doggedly persists in work for which he is competent, his life may produce a surprising amount of fruit. It is true, his

* The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL D. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10.00.

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character was mixed and tempered for success in a quite unusual degree. He had none of the scarcely controllable passions which wreck so many lives at the outset. "His tenacity was passionless, his victory without triumph." With this extraordinary serenity, which was never ruffled into boisterousness either by mirth or passion, he possessed also as remarkable an intensity and an indomitable courage and diligence. But the rounded completeness of his success in life was due, with all these natural endowments, to his clear-headed recognition of what he could do best.

From the ardour with which at one time he prosecuted the study of Kant and Hegel, it might have been expected that he would devote himself wholly to philosophy. From his elaborate and richly suggestive work on Paul, theology might seem to have called him with irresistible force. And although his prime was given to the Greek classics, he always cherished the hope that he might return to his early love. In 1883 he writes:

"I wish my last years to be employed in original work, which may help men and women to live better and to be happier. In three years I think it possible that I may finish the *Politics*, the *Republic*, the *History of Greek Philosophy*, Thucydides, Ed. 2. I shall then devote the rest of my days to sermon writing and to moral philosophy, the *Life of Christ*, a commentary on the New Testament Scripture."

But this, alas! was not to be. Nearer the close, when a friend asked him why he did not finish his work on the *Life of Christ*, "he replied, falling back in his chair, with tears in his eyes, 'Because I cannot; God has not given me the power to do it.'" His intention was in this proposed *Life* to bring the mind and thoughts of Christ a little nearer to the human heart. In many respects he was well fitted to accomplish this. Defective, if measured by confessional orthodoxy, it would have been. Of immortality he was able only to say: "I seem to have a hope for myself and others that this world is not and cannot be all. We trust in God, not venturing to say much on such a matter." This gives us the measure of what his interpretation of the mind of Christ would have amounted to. And yet his appreciation of the moral ideal presented in Christ would have been unsurpassed. There were elements in his daily life which revealed how much he had pondered that central Figure, and which interpreted Christ to many, and with these elements we must rest content.

Marcus Dods.

THE LATEST CYPRIAN.*

Cyprian is a noble subject, which long ago charmed the youthful imagination of Edward Benson, and occupied him during thirty years, until he had finished the book now offered, almost as his last will and testament, to a somewhat over-busy world. Not, indeed, that the story of the first Christian centuries has lost its importance. On the contrary, it is more sifted and scrutinised than ever, and the bold attempt to interpret or to practise the religion of the New Testament, as though its tradition were of no account, has been exchanged for an anxious or even microscopic attention to what was believed by the early disciples, and may yet be discernible in their extant remains. Among English students of antiquity Bishop Lightfoot holds the first rank, and deservedly so; for his *Clement of Rome*, his *Ignatius and Polycarp*, display the combination of wide learning with judicious criticism, and of zeal with impartiality, that in this department can alone secure the scholar's approbation and the reader's interest. We ask at once, on receiving the new *Cyprian*, whether it is equal to Bishop Lightfoot, or worthy of a man who gloried in being his disciple. Will it live? Is it the final judgment on a keenly debated subject? Is it likely to be the standard treatise for a long while to come which, before its publication, we had many of us hoped?

To these questions, if I must rely upon my first impressions, the answer will be disappointing. One cannot but be sorry that the Archbishop, ere he was confirmed in the dark Thucydidean style which he has chosen, had not tried its effect on a critical—that is to say, a popular—audience. There was no reason why he should be obscure except his own resolve not to write like the rest of the world. Cyprian himself, though enamoured of the vehement Tertullian,

* Cyprian: His Life, His Times, His Work. By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $7.00.

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did not copy his Africanisms or his eccentricities. The Primate of Carthage wrote an admirable and pellucid style. But Dr. Benson, by a perverse, abrupt, and humorous manner of composition, not less tantalising than Mr. George Meredith's, has made it impossible that his lifework should become the standard account of Cyprian. Yet how many points he had in his favour! Scholarship was not wanting; nor the multifarious help of friends in many libraries; nor travel in search of topography; nor the newest German inventions to whet his appetite for refutation; and the keen interest which from a boy he had taken in his hero must have gained a fresh stimulus when he attained prelatic honours. Cyprian, to be sure, comes forward in this volume as the earliest and the latest champion of Canterbury against Rome. I do not say that enthusiasm, quickened by polemics, will give us an accurate or impartial history, but one not difficult to read, not dull and lifeless, it ought certainly to afford. We can fancy Gibbon treating in 600 pages the Christian virtues, vices, beliefs, quarrels, heresies, persecutions of the middle of the third century, and how all his acquaintance with men and manuscripts, with cities and nations, would have furnished a clear, exact, and easily remembered picture in English, as stately as it was bright and amusing. He would never have broken up his learning into a set of notes and scholia, and, however controversial in meaning, his aim would have been, before all things, to produce a work of art, a masterpiece of literature.

Not so Dr. Benson. Regretfully we must say it, he does not rise to supreme excellence, whether as writer, historian, critic or divine. His language has no fine harmonies; his sketches of the third century are subdued in colour, smack a little too much of the Sunday-school, tend to run off into preaching, and shun the supernatural, of which in Cyprian we meet with abundant evidences. As regards the main achievements of criticism, Hartel has gone before him; at least, with the exception of some notes on manuscripts, and an occasional fresh reading, I find nothing that was not earlier in print. And, to my shame, I confess that, after repeated perusals, I cannot understand what was the principle of unity in teaching, what the method of preserving from schism the One Episcopate, or what was the ecumenical policy, to take the place of Rome, which he detested, that the erudite Archbishop would have commended to our acceptation.

It is no business of mine just now to enlarge upon the anti-Roman argument which lends a fierce accent to many of these pages. But, looking at the matter from outside, one would be disposed to think that some general review of the evidence accessible to us during the period up to Cyprian, and onward from Cyprian to Pope Leo I., would fittingly introduce any discussion, whether of the Episcopal or the Papal problem in Church government. This, except a slight and inadequate reference to Tertullian's theory of the layman as priest when no ordained priest was to be had, I am unable to find in Dr. Benson. Moreover, by an omission so striking that it might appear to be deliberate, there is no notice, good or bad, of the principle of development as applied by Cardinal Newman or De Maistre to the growth of the Church, and its expansion into a kingdom held together in unity by St. Peter's successor. The secular historian perceives such an expansion, and connects in one line of history the Popes who reigned in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries with those who reigned in the third and the second. To these phenomena the Catholic divine brings his doctrine of a superintending Providence, and sees in them the continued presence, the enduring prerogatives, of the Prince of the Apostles, just as in other phenomena he sees the abiding presence of Christ Himself. It is not answering his contention to pass over the view on which he would explain why there was so much evidence for his dogmas, and why no more, in the ante-Nicene period. Nevertheless, passed over it is by Dr. Benson, or not met full in the face. He treats the Cyprianic questions as though isolated, without antecedents or sequel; for how is it a reply to the common Catholic teaching, which we read so frequently in Augustine, to say that Carthage, at the end of the fourth century, was pretty well autonomous? Suppose it were as little governed in detail from Rome as was Alexandria or Constantinople, would any one maintain that in Augustine's latter years the Pope of the day

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claimed less jurisdiction than did the illustrious St. Leo, ten years after Augustine's death? And if some daring person ventured on such a paradox, would not contemporary evidence speedily refute him? This method of special pleading, as I may call it, is due to the want of a large and definite outlook upon the history of church government as a whole. It may have been a necessity of the Archbishop's position; but surely it is neither philosophical nor scientific.

To some it will appear that every discussion of these points is "legal"—unspiritual and disedifying. They do not see how the Christian life is bound up with Popes or Bishops; and they hate the antiquarian aspect which is given to it by arguing from Patristic homilies, worm-eaten parchments, Councils in Mauritania, and musty Greek and Latin. But Christianity is a religion of the Book, as we all confess; and the Book cannot be thoroughly understood without Hebrew, which is still less at the command of the multitude than are Greek and Latin. In like manner, history does furnish the data by means of which we learn what Christianity was in fact when it changed the face of the world. If it is not a tradition, it is what anybody chooses to make it, without a "local habitation" and little better than a name. The Archbishop had strong grounds for searching into the spirit and the form of that religion as it was held in the days of Cyprian. But he could not hope to bring out the significance of a treatise such as Cyprian wrote *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, unless by taking all the facts into consideration. These facts include the judgment of the fourth and fifth centuries upon the principles of the third. As Cardinal Newman writes, "St. Cyprian had his quarrel with the Roman See; but it appears that he allows to it the title of the 'Cathedra Petri;' and even Firmilian is a witness that Rome claimed it. In the fourth and fifth centuries this title and its logical results became prominent." And he adds, "the simple question is whether the clear light" of these centuries "may be fairly taken to interpret to us the dim, though definite outlines traced in the preceding." To me it is very wonderful that Archbishop Benson, who had doubtless read the Cardinal, and was acquainted with his reasoning, has never once considered that "simple question." Nor, unless by his own remarkable assumption of quasi-Papal prerogatives in dealing with the Bishop of Lincoln, has he intimated the process to be followed when a Bishop is charged with offences against the Catholic Tradition.

If unity in faith and communion in brotherhood are to be preserved, we shall find ourselves admitting some kind of tribunal from which there is no appeal—the Royal or the Papal supremacy, the judgment of a Synod, or the decision of a Court of law. In every case, we go beyond the word of St. Cyprian; or we interpret and define his "One Episcopate" as having within it some governing power to which individual bishops must bow down. Without sovereignty government is a fiction. And it is certainly instructive to notice how the course of events, the British Colonial Empire, and the consequent multiplying of churches in many lands, have obliged the Archbishop of Canterbury to proceed as though he were an Anglican Pope. On the other hand, Leo XIII., like his predecessors of the same name, makes his supremacy to rest upon a charter to which he points in the New Testament, and a tradition the chief outlines of which may be traced as far back as Irenæus and the sub-Apostolic age.

William Barry.

THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.*

We are in the midst of a great revolution of thought, which is touching literature and speculation alike; an insurrection against everything which assumes that the external and material are the only fixed things, the only standards of reality. There have indeed been always plenty of men to write and to say that "thought is the only reality," but since the rise of the scientific philosophers they have said it with a merely academic conviction, and all their criticisms of life and of literature have assumed that the world and nature were alone realities. But this insurrection has come with a generation young enough to have escaped from servitude to the scientific philosophers, and M. Maeterlinck, who took the red bonnet

* The Treasure of the Humble. By M. Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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from the hands of Villiers de Lisle Adam, is among the most inspired of its leaders. The soul is to-day, he says, "clearly making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere, and they are strangely urgent. . . . I will say nothing of the occult powers, of which signs are everywhere. . . . These things are known of all men, and can easily be verified, and truly they may well be the merest bagatelle by the side of the vast upheaval that is actually in progress, for the soul is like a dreamer, enthralled by sleep, who struggles with all his might to move an arm or raise an eyelid. . . . In the work-a-day lives of the humblest of men spiritual phenomena manifest themselves—mysterious direct workings that bring soul nearer to soul; and of all this we can find no record in former times."

His book is an avowed exposition of the "mysterious direct workings" of which "we can find no record in former times;" and the wonder of the book is that M. Maeterlinck has dwelt so long with these dim powers, these mysterious principalities, which are the deep below all deeps, that he writes of them, not with the arid vehemence of a combatant or an innovator, but with a beautiful pathos and tenderness.

"What avail to cultivate an *ego* on which we have little influence? It is our star which it behooves us to watch. It is good or bad, pallid or puissant, and not by all the might of the sea can it be changed. Some there are who may confidently play with their star as one might play with a glass ball. They may throw it and hazard it where they list; faithfully will it ever return to their hands. They know full well it cannot be broken. But there are many others who dare not even raise their eyes toward their star, without it detach itself from the firmament and fall in dust at their feet."

The book, it appears to us, lacks the definiteness of the great mystics, but it has countless passages of this curious pathetic beauty, and shows us common arts and things, with the light of the great mystics, and a new light that was not theirs, beating upon them. It is very tolerably translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro, and had not Mr. Walkley written an absurd introduction it would have been worthy to be a book of those that have few books and turn to them year after year. Mr. A. B. Walkley has done great service to dramatic literature by his analysis of modern drama, but he has no mystical knowledge and no mystical sympathy. He has introduced a book, which would charm that it may persuade, with a story from Dickens about Mr. Squeers and how his pupils spelled w-i-n-d-e-r before they cleaned the windows. Apart from his special subjects Mr. Walkley is but a popular journalist, and would probably think a quotation from Dickens and a quotation from Dr. Johnson, unfailing symptoms of popular journalism, the only necessary prelude to *The Imitation of Christ*. If publishers would frankly recognise that popular journalism has but a trade value, and perforate the inner margins of the pages of its introductions, no man would have a reason to complain. To merely slip the introductions in like circulars would be to go too far, for numbers will always prefer them to the books themselves.

W. B. Yeats.

THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC.*

Since Dumas set the fashion and flourished therein, France has been a centre of gravitation to writers in search of romantic material. France is the happy hunting-ground of the modern romancer's dreams; something there is in French history that offers opportunities to him of an unusual richness. To be sure, there has never been in modern times anything like the brilliancy and polish of its courtier life, the complexity of its court intrigue, the intricacy of court plotting, the intensity of hate and love in the court factions, and over all the glamour of sun and sky that imparts a tone and a light to life and adventure not to be found beyond the boundaries of France. With Dumas for his model, and France for his scenes of prowess, Mr. Levett Yeats has ventured in his new novel, *The Chevalier d'Auriac*, to put forth an historical romance very close to the period used by Mr. Weyman in *A Gentleman of France*, and akin to that work in its spirit and purpose.

Mr. Yeats's story begins where Mr. Weyman's leaves off, with the accession of Henry of Navarre. The languishing Holy League had just enough life left in it to bring the hero, the Chevalier d'Auriac, into conflict with the reigning power. The opening chapters quickly bring us into the heart of the movement, like the first brisk scenes of a play, and the drama gathers force as it unfolds the fateful tapestry of history,

* The Chevalier d'Auriac. By S. Levett Yeats. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.25.

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while the hero threads his fortunes of love and intrigue against the machinations of his enemies into its pattern. The stormy atmosphere of the time, mingled with elements of danger, discontent and dire disaster, is realised not only by successfully making the hero tread the highway of history, but by the sharp turns his adventures take, the quick, ready thrusts of his trusty blade, the succession of incidents bristling with unforeseen and unexpected dangers. The story is full of action, it is alive from cover to cover, and is so compact with thrilling adventure that there is no room for a dull page. The chevalier tells his own story, but he is the most charming of egoists. He wins our sympathies from the outset by his boyish naïveté, his downright manliness and bravery. For all the world loves a brave man, especially if he be in the race for lady fair. The traditions of his family had thrown him with the League, but in his heart he was for Henry of Navarre. Then love strangely crossed his loyalty, his honour, and his faith, but the chivalry that dares the right impelled him, much against his will at times, and in the end the story tells how D'Auriac surprised the nest of treason against the King, how the King —"plain Henri de Bourbon"—disarmed his ill-will, and how the chevalier found Claude, the Royal Ward, and led her to his crow's nest of D'Auriac. There is a supreme moment near the climax of the story which is handled with great skill, and which shows that Mr. Yeats has the imaginative power to conceive and to portray a strong dramatic situation. The King and D'Auriac are alone, and about to attempt the dangerous assault on the treacherous assembly secreted in the Toison d'Or. The King speaks:

"'M. d'Auriac, are you still an enemy of your King?'

"I could make no answer; I did not know what to say, and stood, candle in hand, in silence. . . .

"'Sire,' I answered boldly, 'is it my fault?'

"He began to pull at his moustache, keeping his eyes to the ground, and saying to himself, 'Sully will not be here for a little; there is yet time.' As for me, I took my courage in both hands and waited. So a half minute must have passed before he spoke again.

"'Monsieur, if a gentleman has wronged another, there is only one course open. There is room enough here; take your sword and your place.'

"'I—I,' I stammered. 'Your Majesty, I do not understand.'

"'I never heard that monsieur le chevalier was dense in these matters. Come, sir, time presses; your place.'

"'May my hand wither if I do!' I burst out. 'I will never stand so before the King.'

"'Not before the King, monsieur, but before a man who considers himself a little wronged, too. What! is D'Auriac so high that he cannot stoop to cross a blade with plain Henri de Bourbon?'

"And then 'twas as if God Himself took the scales from my eyes, and I fell on my knees before my King."

Not only has Mr. Yeats written an excellent tale of adventure, but he has shown a close study of character which does not borrow merely from the trappings of historical actors, but which denotes a keen knowledge of human nature, and a shrewd insight into the workings of human motives. The chevalier himself, "hot with the fire of five-and-twenty," we like for his straightforward simplicity, his brave, impulsive nature, his superb recklessness, his chivalry, and especially for his tender passion for Claude, which beguiles us from page to page to the happy issue, and which dwells with touching tenderness in the brief closing retrospect. D'Auriac belongs to his day, and fills his place in the delightful improbabilities of romance to perfection, yet he is of kin to us, and something throbbing in his life awakens a response in ours. The fashion of the period is kept well in mind, the style of writing has just that touch of old fashioned formality which serves to veil the past from the present, and to throw the lights and shadows into a harmony of tone. Moreover, the work has literary quality of a genuine sort in it, which raises it above a numerous host of its fellows in kind. A word of praise is called for, too, by the "Prelude" in verse which, projecting a high and lofty truth into the story, is gracefully borne upon its pennons.

The author very pleasantly says in his preface that "his object is simply to enable a reader to pass away a dull hour." Perhaps we have made a larger claim for him, but the refreshment it was at least his purpose to purvey for the reader will be found in these pages to his heart's content. But *The Chevalier d'Auriac* need not be shamed by the neighbourhood of others whose authors have gone to the same field to create that world of romance which never was, yet always is.

J. M.

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NOVEL NOTES.

LETTERS OF WOMEN. By Marcel Prévost. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. New York: Meyer Brothers & Co. $1.00.

We have noted so carefully the rise of M. Marcel Prévost to his present rank as to lead us to peruse this volume with especial interest, since it is the first even partial attempt to make his shorter stories accessible to those readers who have no French. Of the selections from the famous *Lettres*, which the translator has here made, only one (*Mon Vieil Ami*) has, so far as we know, ever appeared in an English dress; the rest will be new to the American reader. Mr. Hornblow has, on the whole, shown excellent taste in choosing his examples to illustrate M. Prévost's versatile genius and his different manners. One of them, "Genevieve's Note-Book" (*Les Cahiers de Geneviève*), we have always held to be one of the best things that Prévost has ever written, for it not only illustrates perfectly his light touch and sympathetic understanding of a woman's mind, but has also a delicacy and tenderness not always to be found in his other productions. "Expiation" is in his most serious vein. The rest are very fairly representative. We could have wished that *Grâce* had been included, for though slight, it is one of the most subtle of the *Lettres;* and the first selection in the book seems hardly worth the trouble of translating—but this is largely a matter of individual taste.

As to the translator's work, it is fairly done—not in a way to compare with his rendering of *The Triumph of Death*, but better than what he did in the last book of Gyp's that he Englished. There seems to have been too little care taken in going over the proofs to rectify inconsistencies. Thus, why should we have an accent on the purely English form "prefect"? And why speak of the Obelisk as "the Obelisque"? And in giving names of streets, why write sometimes *Rue* and sometimes *rue?* These are small matters, but they grate upon the sensibilities of a cultivated reader, and force upon his attention the fact that he is reading a translation; whereas the perfect translation is that which for the moment deludes you into the feeling that you have the original in your hand. Then, again, we never like to see, in a version from the French, bits of slang that are essentially Anglo-Saxon, and therefore destructive of the Gallic atmosphere. Thus, instead of writing (p. 202), "This kid already does what she likes with the men," it would have been much better to have said, "This little minx," or even to have let a French word stand and say, "This *gamine*," which would have been both comprehensible and in keeping with the local colour.

IN PLAIN AIR. By Elisabeth Lyman Cabot. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

That Mrs. Cabot has a capacity for gentle satire that in any way suggests Mrs. Craigie, or that her dialogue, however veracious, could ever remind one of Anthony Hope Hawkins, as the publishers' puff preliminary intimates, is less a comment upon the fabric in question than upon the tactile sense and circumscribed view of the advertiser, and can only react humiliatingly upon all concerned. So far from possessing any real distinction of style, *In Plain Air* (rather obscure for a French title, by the way) has its full share of sins against grammar and syntax, all of which the reviewer would fain have overlooked, because of its entertaining value, but for the barking propensities of those who have not consciously taken up their abode on Coney Island. The story is an intimate account of a maid Marion, who involuntarily reversed the decision of Brookfield, Mass., regarding a mill-hand of artistic bent and two other more sophisticated and spirited young men, whom she alone had the pluck to befriend. With a rare tact she disposed of each of her *protégés*, getting one of them off to Paris to cut stone, contriving a happy marriage for another, and herself marrying the third, not, however, till she had evidence of his faultlessness, and, under the physical exhilaration of a break-neck runaway, a clairvoyant sense that his was a "noble soul, mated to hers from all eternity." The story is notable chiefly for the contrast at every point between Marion and her relatives and associates, whom, by dint of education and travel, she had outgrown in sympathy and comprehension. The world to which she returned had no doubt as to the identity of the sheep and the goats, and recognised no true community of soul which had not been cemented by a course of reading aloud, preferably from the early English dramatists. What impertinences Marion suffered from the lips of her counsellors only the amiable can fully appreciate. Her woman friend religiously indicated the opportunity which was hers to show Brookfield that she was on the side of the right by denying her friendship to the man the country bumpkins distrusted. And even Flossie, who had a *penchant* in August for hot-looking red dresses that "creaked demonstrably" in their efforts to contain her, had to tell Marion that Mamie Glover told *her*, "on the best authority," that she was engaged to the same social outcast.

SPANISH CASTLES BY THE RHINE. By David Skaats Foster. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

A "triptychal yarn" by any other name would, perhaps, be as spellbinding; but when three rogues in buckram, unromantically designated Jenkins, Waterbury, and Perkins, "let drive" at us, as Falstaff would say, from amid the mediæval rookeries of Germany, their adventures are only adequately described by such prose-poetry as *Spanish Castles by the Rhine.* It is certainly less sophomoric than "From *Alma Mater* to *De Profundis*," which one of Mr. Foster's brother fictionists chose for a chapter heading, and less disturbing than Mr. Foster's own "Six Dumb-bells (dumb *belles*) of Castle Schreckenstrohm." That in these neatly correlated tales Mr. Foster has written something good of its kind is not denied. They are entertaining, ingenious; they are touched with humour and sentiment, and not overburdened

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with explanatory matter or legendary allusions; and they move with considerable swiftness, the first even ending before it might. They also deserve, undoubtedly, to be adjectived "up-to-date," the wit exemplified having a dash of flippancy and slang which, along with a telephone, a horseless carriage, and the "catalogue" of his masquerading majesty's wardrobe, will be enjoyed by many who do not like to dip too deeply into the well of oblivion. But the kind of romance improvised by Mr. Foster is distinctly imitative. It is difficult to imagine these stories existing independently of the plots and incidents contrived by Messrs. Hawkins and Stockton. But why, you will ask, should every "man who looked like the king," or, for some mysterious reason, woke up in his bedchamber, and every indiscreet duchess, and every region in name resembling Ruritania, be adjudged the peculiar property of Anthony Hope? And has not Mr. Foster's runaway balloon with its dawdling, contented passenger as good a right as Mr. Stockton's to be halloed at by belated pedestrians? Those who like to regale themselves with old wine sealed in new bottles will find here an abundance of novel turns and crisp touches. In the first story a designing baron is in the stocks, and in the second two of the "dumb belles" are out of their stockings when the group bursts upon the hero's view. Von Dunkelheim, the best liar in Europe, is "kidnapped"—that is, an Amazonian body-snatcher named Cunigunde drags him into a cab by the nape of his neck. There is a Barrisonian flavour about the six "Dumb-bells," and the story swinging them is potent with comic-operatic suggestions.

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF: Being Incidents in the Life of a Plain Man Who Tried to Do His Duty. By "Octave Thanet." New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

We have many writers who are content to fabricate stories which are short, or abbreviated long stories, or elongated short ones, but very few, perhaps not more than half a dozen all told, who will take the trouble to write a short story. Among these half dozen must be numbered Miss Alice French. That is certainly a distinction of which Davenport, Ia., may well be proud, and which, being a "distributing centre," she should generously share with the adjacent cities of Rock Island and Moline, Ill., which have, if we mistake not, furnished Miss French with considerable literary properties. To a trained eye every story in the present collection bears evidence of indefatigable labour, and the first three are beyond reasonable criticism. They are full of premonitory notes, deft, convincing touches of characterisation, which plausibly conserve the development of the plot. They are carefully pruned of extraneous details, and, while not devoid of rhetorical niceties, keep the reader's attention and heart centred on their content rather than their form. "The Hypnotist" and "The Next Room" reveal a substratum of conviction which by some will be construed as prejudice, and may on that account appeal less widely. The illiterate sheriff, Amos Wickliff, with his scarred face and filial piety, who took philosophy to be not much more than "seeing things with the paint off," and brought on witnesses who believed that the Armstrongs "if instructed, would learn to play the organ," wins a snug place in the affections of the reader, not far removed from that acquired by Van Bibber. The optimism of the writer who can make us feel that the young criminal who had been the model boy of the Sunday-school kept his face clean and brushed his hair without being told to, learned his lessons quick, and always said "Yes'm" and "No'm," and when he got into a scrape lied out of it, and "picked up bad habits as easy and quiet as a long-haired dog catches fleas," was not too "slick" to be reformed, is a freak of artistic exuberance which assuredly deserves praise.

IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Those who read *The Knight of the Black Forest* with delight, and *Mimosa Leaves* with appreciation, will hardly feel satisfied with this new work, although there are marks of the same hand. The selection of environment is unfortunate by reason of its too great familiarity. The social aspect of Washington has been presented so often, and with such unvarying features—for nowhere else in America are social functions so stereotyped in form—that the very mention of the town brings depression to the novel-reader. Most of the characters are distinctively the products of the environment, and they have figured in fiction galore. The aunt we have all known these many administrations, so long and so well that we scarcely care to read that "her nondescript face had a fixed pleasantness of expression wholly without reference to passing events," or that "her geniality had nothing personal in its character." Leigh Cameron, the young niece of this typical dame, is tried in the crucible, and turns out to be mainly dross, although the author is apparently unaware of the fact. Philip Russell, a young naval officer, sustains, or endeavours to sustain, the rôle of hero, and is forced to resign his commission and to suffer under the suspicion of a murder which he did not commit. The mixture of the grimmest elements of the melodrama with the drawing-room farce of Washington life is the only really remarkable characteristic of the story. The old general, who always parades the capital, ably supports his part by repudiating his nephew, the suspected man. And the bad man comes in just as the heroine has cast the hero out of her love on the first breath of suspicion—as no loving woman ever did or could do in real life—and succeeds in inducing her to transfer her devotion to himself without delay. For whatever may be the criticism of the story, it cannot be said to lag. Dramatic events succeed each other with stirring rapidity. The heroine is hardly married to the bad man—who is not so very bad, after all—before she discovers that he, and not her former lover, is the real murderer. Whereupon her affections are transferred again, and trouble begins, when the husband dies just in the nick of time, and all is well. It is hardly possible to take such work seriously, and yet there is, nevertheless, a very genuine regret that a writer who has done such good work should, through haste, or carelessness, or from any cause, do anything like this.

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ARRESTED. By Esmé Stuart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Those who like things to happen in novels will find this one greatly to their taste. A buried treasure discovered in the very beginning of the story leads forthwith to many thrilling complications. The innocent young man who finds it is suspected of a mysterious murder and robbery, and is consequently separated from the girl he loves. She forthwith undertakes to establish his innocence in the most charming and utterly impossible way, the medium being a weird, half-witted creature, who supplies the element of the uncanny. The scene in which, led by this darkened mind, she goes into the woods on a stormy midnight and searches for the proof that is to free her lover is quite as delightful as anything by Mrs. Radcliffe:

"'Dig Down!—but I can't: I have but my hands;' then making the effort, Elsie plunged her small fingers into the soft soil. All idea of fear departed as she began to work. She did not know what she was looking for, but she believed that Tim could not deceive her as to facts. Something lay hidden here. It might have nothing to do with the question, but it was surely something which his poor, queer brain thought would be useful to her. She had already scooped out a little mound of damp earth, much as a child does when building a mud castle, when she paused. The rain came steadily down upon her and the wind blew her hair about. What did this mean?"

It meant something very important indeed—nothing less than the unravelling of the mystery of the murder and robbery, and the whole situation produces an enjoyable shiver. For it is really enjoyable now and then to come across a story of its kind, written without consideration of the probabilities, without attempt at analysis, without apparent thought of criticism. And in truth far more pretentious work might have had greater reason to dread the critics, for its simple style is very good.

PERFECTION CITY. By Mrs. Orpen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mrs. Orpen's story is as breezy as the prairies in the midst of which was set Perfection City, and a great deal less dreary than she would have us believe they are. An old subject of satire—the ways and walks of reformers who have found short cuts to the millennium—has here a very fresh and lively setting; and the dry, hard common-sense of the moral is softened and lightened by the kindliest sympathy and humour. The story of Olive, a young creature, bright as a flower, set down as a bride among the faddists of the communistic "city," a shrewd young rebel withal, a graceful, inconvertible heretic, and with the truest little heart in the world, wins our complete sympathy, and for her sake we feel kindly toward her slow and solemn Ezra. Madame Morozoff-Smith we have often met before; but, at least, she is a strong presentment of the woman who embraces a cause for the sake of a man, and would betray it, too, for him. "Will you hear the truth about Perfection City?" she says in her hour of confession. "Then listen. It is not an experiment in new principles, it is an example of the oldest the world has seen—of the folly of a fond woman. I founded Perfection City so that he might love the founder." She goes off the stage with a tragic gesture, but the others, their troubles over, pack up their goods very cheerfully for the City of Common Sense.

THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE. Romantic Tales of all Time. Chosen and edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: New Amsterdam Company. $1.50.

The tale is a form where art has shown its best power of simple delight, where unquestioning romance has had its fairest opportunity. It is the food of fresh minds and the rest of tired ones. This is an anthology of tales. It should be judged by the excellence of what it includes, for no other person's anthology could coincide exactly with the one we make for ourselves and never print. Mr. Rhys has been very fastidious in his choice of ten. Each of the ten has an undeniable right to its place, and some of them we meet with a pleasurable surprise of their having attained to a distinction which popular fame has withheld from them. Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" is chief among these. "The Story of the Lame Young Man" from the *Arabian Nights*, "Cymon and Iphigenia" from the *Decameron*, Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," and Cervantes's "Story of Marcella" are among the more expected treasures. The setting of the tales is worthy of them, and *The Garden of Romance* will be lingered in with delight by old and young.

THE PHILANDERERS. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The galloping pace of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* has slowed off, and Mr. Mason brings his adventurous soul to the contemplation of modern drawing-room characters. He does not like them, and he presents as their foil a man who has been brought face to face with the issues of life and death, who has been the arbiter of life and death in a Central African expedition full of unusual hardship and peril. He is a very fine fellow indeed, and, of course, he shows to the utmost advantage when placed opposite to a poor, mean, spiteful, irritable thing of a novelist, and an idle, irresponsible spectator of life, who meddles intermittently with his neighbours' business, and never with wisdom. There is a woman, too, who treats the hero badly, admiring him though she does with whatever strength is in her thin, weak nature. The other woman, who has intelligence and character enough to be his mate, is given a mere secondary part to play. The contrast of the strong-willed, single-minded man of action with the philandering nobodies of London society is an interesting motive, but Mr. Mason's is only a 'prentice hand at this kind of work as yet; his subtleties are a little dull and his fine shades a little blurred. Now and again, as on page 53, there is something like a parody of Mr. Meredith's style, unsustained, however—and the failure is fortunate.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

There is a disappointment in store for admirers of Mr. Crawford's work. He gives them in *A Rose of Yesterday* neither glowing Italian romance nor the careful detailed study of Roman or New York society. Evidently he has written this book with a serious purpose—that of warning us against the dangers of facilities of divorce. We have no quarrel with that. His reflections on the subject are not interesting. Mr. Crawford is not a thinker, nor even

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an inspiring preacher; but as a man with something earnest to say we respect him. Now, to make his sermon effective, he should either have made his middle-aged heroine divorce her mad, bad husband, or have convinced us, by glimpses at her later life, that she never did so. As a warning, or as a fine example, she would equally well serve his purpose. But he has not the courage to do one or the other. Just when the virtuous, faithful old lover is trying to persuade her that she is under no obligation to rejoin her husband, who is about to be released from the asylum, and when she is resisting, but not in a way convincing to the reader, Mr. Crawford kills the mad, bad husband, and the virtuous old lover steps respectably into his shoes! What is the use of his story—which apart from a moral is not entertaining, and which has no moral? There is a half-developed boy who interests us a little, and an abortive romance of a young girl for an elderly man, which does not interest us at all, and does not interest Mr. Crawford, for he drops it limply, and wanders away from it to preach his sermon with the illustration, which is no illustration, but a shirking of the whole position.

SYMPHONIES. By George Egerton. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Only one story, or, if you like, "Symphony," out of the seven is strongly reminiscent of George Egerton's earlier manner, which brought her notoriety. ... the Heart of the Apple" is the link between *Keynotes* and *Discords*, especially the former, and the newer manner which is as yet fumbling and indeterminate. At least there was always a purpose at the core of the first kind, generally the one that is expressed in "Heart of the Apple"—to depict the "race of women, and they are many, to whom the child is first, the man always second." The interest, the success of propaganda, attach to these accordingly. When there is no propaganda, the writer has to depend precariously on a general knowledge of human nature, and on literary skill for a clientèle; and just at this moment George Egerton's fortunes are low. There is one picturesque scene in "A Chilian Episode," and there is a vivid presentment of the atmosphere of the Basque country in "Pan;" but the greater part of the work in the book is of poor literary quality, and the material utterly commonplace. After reading the Chilian tale and "Sea Pinks," we have an uneasy sense of listening to something very familiar, but incongruous with all our previous ideas of this writer. The voice of George Egerton was silent, and there were echoes of Ouida and Mr. Morley Roberts. These names, we think, accurately define the literary influences she seems to be under at this transitional stage. In what strikes her old readers as the most characteristic story, "Heart of the Apple," one is tempted to name Miss Corelli, too, but, in justice, the creation of the pure, strong, valiant child of nature should be called her own; besides, Miss Corelli would disown the morals. We should like to leave the matter here, and wait for what this writer of chaotic brain but considerable force of feeling may give us in the course of years, but we must fain express a hope that the passages and references of gratuitous vulgarity may receive some general discouragement from her readers. It may be worth mentioning, too, that this kind of writing must disgust alike the scientist and the lover of good letters—

"She proved a never-failing delight to him, this child woman, with her absolutely fresh, unspoiled nature, all her basic instincts intact; a genetic creature fashioned of the right ground-stuff for the renewal of life in man by the formation of new strong individuals—in her physiological structure a "driftnatur"—quick to laugh, quick to be grave—with no conscious personality, a thing of perfect health, sound in mind and body, all her apperceptions unconfused by the scrapment system of modern education."

THE MASTER-BEGGARS. By L. Cope Cornford. With illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke, and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

This is a tale of Alva and of his famous foes, the Wild Beggars, the *Gueux*, the spirited instruments of Flemish freedom. Whosoever has read *Captain Jacobus* will know that he need fear nothing slipshod and slovenly in the matter and manner of Mr. Cornford's new romance. He is a writer who most evidently delights in his work, and the respect which he has already gained among such as read fastidiously should grow steadily till it means wide success. Perhaps on the side of popularity *The Master-Beggars* falls below the earlier book. As a picture of the time it is excellent; as a story it hardly competes with some far more worthless rivals; and this, in spite of very spirited incidents, and two or three personages in whose company we journey very willingly. An occasional drag in the interest occurs, but energy is regained before we lose trust. The romance of the ex-monk Hilarion and the Lady Jacqueline has our abundant sympathy, while the Wild Cat from first to last is a living, forceful being who convinces our imaginations and keeps us on the alert for his next adventure.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

Mr. McCarthy's well-known *History of Our Own Times* has been written over many years of his life and has been a work of growth. In 1878 there appeared the first two volumes (in one volume in America), and in 1880 a third and fourth volume (Volume II. in the American edition), bringing the review of events that had passed within his own recollection up to the crisis of that year. A new and fifth volume has just been added to the story of the Victorian era, taking up the narrative of events at that momentous epoch, and passing in review all that has happened in the affairs of the British

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Empire during the last seventeen years. So that we have now a continuous history of the Queen's long reign up to the Diamond Jubilee. We notice that the new volume has not been made uniform with the preceding volumes already published by the Harpers, as it is complete in itself, and will be found worth reading for a recital of the chapters of history within the period it covers. While it stands in relation to the previous volumes as an additional volume, it nevertheless has an interest of its own apart from that attached to those which it succeeds. The years 1880–97 have been crowded with history; old questions have reached their climax, and new ones have arisen yet to be solved; administrations have flourished and faded; statesmen have grown mighty in power, and after a brief season have disappeared to give way to others who have succeeded their fortunes and losses; names written "on Fame's eternal bead-roll" during the century have been transferred to the Death-roll, with other names that have shone with less lustre on the page of history. Through the long and illustrious procession Mr. McCarthy leads us with unfaltering hand, and despite the ignoble fallibility and frailty of mankind, the mistakes and blunders of statesmen, the wrecks of many kinds, we are impressed by the majesty of man, the onward tramp of a mighty race, the upward range of an aspiring people, the mighty hopes which make us men. Mr. McCarthy's aim has been, like that of Green in his *History*, to write the story of the English people in the nineteenth century, and not a dry record of facts and dates. He has the sympathetic imagination, the warmth of the Celtic mind, the rare art of the raconteur, and with these gifts he has given us a fresh and vivid view of the times through which many still living have passed with him. This is more strikingly evidenced in the new volume, to which Mr. McCarthy contributes many personal reminiscences of the various parliamentary and historical figures with whom he has mingled in his public career. There are sixteen portraits of eminent English personages, including a frontispiece of Queen Victoria; and an index enhances the usefulness of the work.

NATURE IN A CITY YARD. Some Rambling Dissertations Thereupon. By Charles M. Skinner. New York: The Century Co. $1.00.

"Our yard," says Mr. Skinner, "is only an epitome of and substitute for the real thing, which is the country. I do not live in town because I want to, but because I must." But what a yard! We know that if we were to visit Mr. Skinner's yard, "about eighteen feet by fifty," loved by tuneful cats, the McGonigle boy, mosquitoes, and other minor denizens and visitors, we should see a very ordinary sight; not even the Newfoundland dog, the three toads, and a turtle would serve to differentiate it from its fellows. Its local geography is thus described:

"The yard is bounded on the north by the carpenter's yard, with its piles of lumber; on the east by a board fence and a lilac-bush; on the west by small boys and a gravel dump—on the far side, to be sure, of three other yards; on the south by the two-story and basement brick house where we live."

Yet how the writer has peopled that "common city yard" with fancies and delights innumerable of the eye and ear, and transformed a square, unadorned patch of space into a shelter from the hurly-burly of the city's strife, a quiet bower for rest and peace, a coign of vantage upon which to stand and view the wondrous working of all creation. Mr. Skinner has verified the proverb: "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." Every page of this little book is luminous with suggestion and allusion. The poet's mind is at work, building up a whole structure of beauty and wonder out of a bit of common earth, a few yards of space. The geographical boundary is not the true boundary; there is a soul within the barriers which cannot be shut in; the spirit of the book is in the clouds and with the stars and at the ends of the earth, while the anchorage is in the yard. From grave to gay, with a lightness of touch, and a playful humour flashing on its surface, the stream of thought and fancy flows on from theme to theme, deepening in its current as it reaches the haven of its desire in "The Soul of Nature" in the last chapter. Like Harold in the yard, whose infant mind sees the wonders of nature with a fresh eye, the writer amuses us constantly by the quaintness and unexpectedness of his observations. There are the freshness of feeling, the sense of wonder, the beautiful simplicity of a mind touched afresh each rising morn by the beam celestial "which evermore makes all things new." What Walden Pond was to Thoreau, a Brooklyn backyard has been to Mr. Skinner; it has been already remarked that *Nature in a City Yard* will remind many readers of Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*. We can assure the most sceptical that if they have found delight in Mr. Warner's garden, they will certainly find pleasure in Mr. Skinner's back-yard.

MARTHA WASHINGTON. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

We have had occasion in reviewing the volumes that have already appeared in this series to speak highly of their social and historical value. Each biography has had an individual power and charm of its own, and yet each has taken its place in the series with a certain valuation and sympathy of treatment which has preserved the unity of the design. Not the least difficult of the subjects handled has been that of *Martha Washington*, the fifth volume in the series of Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times. One has to recognise the serious obstacles with which the author was confronted at the outset of her task in the absence of personal and family letters, and in the grave fact that Mrs. Washington, as a distinct personality, had been overshadowed by the majestic form of her husband, in order to appreciate to what extent the bare outline of her life has been clothed with the charm of individuality and animated by the warmth of human interest. Only a few letters of Mrs. Washington's have been discovered, all of her correspondence with her husband having been destroyed at her request, but these few are very characteristic, and enhance the value of the vivid portrait which Miss Wharton has given us—a portrait which is the most complete and authoritative we have yet had, and which awards the book which contains it a foremost place in the biography of the

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subject. Miss Wharton's work will remain for many a day the reliance of the student, and the delight of the reader in regard to all that pertains to Mrs. Washington's public, social, and domestic life.

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING. Being a Full, True and Particular Account of the Miraculous Escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. By Allan Fea. With numerous sketches and photographs by the author, and sixteen portraits in photogravure. New York: John Lane. $6.00.

Devotion to a lost cause has been the inspiration of Mr. Fea's labours. But such devotion generally takes literary shape in rhetoric, while his effort has all been toward accuracy and compression. His own part of the book consists of an account of an Historical Tour, in which he traces Charles's movements in detail from Worcester to Fécamp, briefly narrating the incidents by the way, and describing the aspects of his resting and hiding-places as they were then and as they are now. The illustrations, mainly architectural, are excellent. Altogether Part I. is a curious and interesting piece of work, which has demanded and received close investigation among historical and private family documents. It is a summary of all the verified information on the subject, and a delightful recaller of an England that has mostly passed away. The second part has its justification in the incompleteness of "The Boscobel Tracts." Hughes included none of these five, yet they are valuable if only in a supplementary way, and contain such individual corroboration of the accepted narrative that the reader of picturesque history cannot afford to ignore them. Mr. Fea's pious labours will receive serious appreciation outside White Rose leagues. The portraits in Part II. are finely reproduced, and every external feature has been attended to with care and taste.

WALKS AND RIDES IN THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BOSTON, covering thirty-six cities and towns, parks and public reservations within a radius of twelve miles from the State House. Written by Edwin M. Bacon and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the Appalachian Mountain Club. With four maps, in two pockets. 150 illustrations. $1.25.

At the suggestion of President Eliot of Harvard, the Appalachian Mountain Club has undertaken the duty of publishing a guide to its regular Saturday afternoon walks in the vicinity of Boston, and its equally interesting rides, putting the data it has collected into the capable hands of Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, the author of *Boston Illustrated*, *The Dictionary of Boston*, and well known as an antiquarian, with few superiors in the knowledge of local history. Mr. Bacon has also been introduced to our readers recently as the writer of two papers in a series on "Old Boston Booksellers." In his hands the plan has developed from a brief guide to walks, with distances and directions for finding the picturesque spots, to an exhaustive, but wonderfully condensed account of the most attractive rambles and rides through the region embraced in what the geologists call "The Boston Basin," and the politicians, "The Greater Boston," giving details of scenery, of historic landmarks, of geological and topographical features, noting the inscriptions on every historical monument and tablet and giving its history, making the volume an absolutely indispensable pocket companion to every pedestrian, wheelman or horseman who desires to add to his outing some understanding of the country covered.

As a reference book for the library it is equally valuable, and there are few persons in any of the towns included who will fail to find many features in their own vicinity, here mentioned as attractive or notable, of which they were ignorant. A very complete index and the system of display type used in the *Baedekers' Guides* (which this book resembles in size, style, and plan) make it available either in the library or on the road.

MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION, and other Essays on Kindred Subjects. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

These essays are by a woman who has thought out her words before she uttered them. There is, as a rule, very little thinking either in the orthodox or the heretical opinions on these subjects, and nowadays when heretical opinions are not very hardly dealt with, perhaps the hollowest nonsense is spoken on the revolutionary side. It can hardly be said that Mrs. Chapman has come to any new conclusions. She holds the old-fashioned views on such questions, but has found fresh modern sanctions for them. Because of her interest in and good will to modern developments, and especially to the advancement of women, she is on the side of order and restraint. Very likely she has become a little unnerved by Nordau's dark prognostications; and, for all her thinking, she has certainly not faced all the evils which she holds should be borne by the individual for the good of the race. But her attitude is staunch, stalwart, and worthy of respect. The most notable article is not the first, which is a rather tedious criticism of the woman-problem novel, but that on "Why We Should Oppose Divorce." It is an amplification of the statement that the way to make marriage some day an ideal relation of life is to make it indissoluble, and to convert all men and women, Christian or Agnostic, to the belief that it is a sacrament.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY. His Life and Poems. By Wilfred A. Gill. New York: John Lane.

This volume, if only a collection of Lefroy's poems, would be most welcome, and its interest is much enhanced by the memoir and the critical estimate it includes. Not always do a poet's verses and his character conform, but in the case of Lefroy "his spiritual apperception of sensuous beauty was the outcome of a rare and exquisite personality;" and poems and life complement each other. The memoir, by Mr. W. A. Gill, is a sympathetic sketch of an earnest and lovable character; and the critical estimate, by J. Addington Symonds, is a charmingly written and suggestive essay. Lefroy's fame must be based upon his century of sonnets, and that is surely a secure foundation, for the sonnets are delicate in workmanship and luminous in thought. "On the Beach in November" is in itself sufficient to separate Lefroy from the multitude of minor singers, but all his work is dignified and beautiful, "and to rest for a moment upon the spontaneous and unambitious poetry which flowed from such a nature cannot fail to refresh minds wearied with the storm and stress of modern thought."

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THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, July 1, 1897.

In recording the business of the past month many of the titles mentioned must be a repetition of those in previous letters, for although there have been numerous publications very few have reached any considerable sale. *Equality*, by Edward Bellamy, has been the most prominent of the month's output, but is yet hardly selling up to the expectations of a new work by the author of *Looking Backward*. *A Rose of Yesterday*, by F. Marion Crawford, and *Uncle Bernac*, by A. Conan Doyle, are next in order, and are selling readily. Mrs. Jenness Miller enters the field of fiction with *The Philosopher of Driftwood*, her previous books on physical culture and dress reform having sold largely. Other books of interest have been *Bolanyo*, by Opie Read; *The Meddling Hussy*, by Clinton Ross, and *Susan's Escort and Others*, by Edward Everett Hale.

Quo Vadis has again led all other books in point of sale, with *Soldiers of Fortune* for a good second. These are followed by *The Choir Invisible*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *The Pomp of the Lavilettes*, and *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*.

The sales of paper-bound books continue to drag, and must be discouraging to the publishers of this class of literature. Just at present *Marietta's Marriage*, by W. E. Norris; *Dear Faustina*, by Rhoda Broughton; *America and the Americans*, and *That Affair Next Door* are the most popular.

Outside of fiction, which commands the major part of the business, out-of-door subjects are in the lead. *Insect Life*, by J. H. Comstock, is the latest addition to this class, while *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, *Bird-Life*, and *Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America* are still in good demand.

Baedeker's European Guides are continually called for, also guides to summer resorts, particularly of the Adirondacks.

A number of new books by prominent authors are announced for early publication, notably *The Martian*, by George Du Maurier; *Jerome: A Poor Man*, by Mary E. Wilkins; *Afield with Flowers and Animate Things*, by W. H. Gibson, and *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling.

It is interesting to note that the popular books are not issued by one or two publishers, but are quite generally divided; for example, the Harpers have *The Pursuit of the House-Boat;* the Appletons, *Equality* and *Uncle Bernac;* the Scribners, *Soldiers of Fortune;* the Macmillan Company, *The Choir Invisible* and *A Rose of Yesterday;* Little, Brown and Company, *Quo Vadis;* Lamson, Wolffe and Company, *The Pomp of the Lavilettes*.

In view of the considerable amount of works of travel and biography which were published in the early spring, it is somewhat remarkable that their sale has not continued. At present there is very little call for these books, with the exception of Nansen's *Farthest North*, which still has a fair sale. Religious books also are in little demand, and with the exception of such fiction as relates to the subject there is seldom any call for books of this character.

Trade in general, as might be expected, has been quiet. A noticeable feature of the past two years has been an increased activity in the month of June over the immediate month preceding, and more or less interest is created by the presenting of the various lines for the Fall trade, which bid fair to equal those of former years.

The best-selling books for the month are as follows:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. $2.00.

Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

Uncle Bernac. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.50.

The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Gilbert Parker. $1.25.

The Pursuit of the House-Boat. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Annie Steel. $1.50.

In the Tideway. By Flora Annie Steel. $1.25.

Trooper Peter Halket. By Olive Schreiner. $1.25.

Marietta's Marriage. By W. E. Norris. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Dear Faustina. By Rhoda Broughton. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1 00.

America and the Americans. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, July 1, 1897.

Last month business was of the average kind, the demand proceeding mainly along regular lines, and not presenting many features of general interest. There was quite a lively call from the country during the early part of the month for books for commencement presents, the class of books demanded being, from a literary standpoint, especially good, works of classic rank being selected in nearly every case.

Soldiers of Fortune and *The Choir Invisible* led the van in last month's sales. Even allowing for the immense popularity of these two books, the numbers sold were for this time of the year astonishingly large.

Quo Vadis still continues its wonderful vogue, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling* has had an exceptional sale. Apart from these the demand for the older books among the favourites shows a slight diminution. Of the new books published during June Edward Bellamy's *Equality*

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was the most successful, and present indications point to its having a large sale ; the work being virtually a sequel to *Looking Backward*, the demand for the latter book has consequently revived. Other successful June books were Conan Doyle's *Uncle Bernac*, Marion Crawford's *Rose of Yesterday*, and W. C. Larned's *Arnaud's Masterpiece*.

While the demand for poetry cannot be said exactly to be falling off, it is at present the only class of literature which shows no increase in its sales. The standard poets, especially the famous American authors, such as Longfellow, Whittier, etc., sell steadily and regularly, with scarcely any fluctuation all the year round, but new books by living poets have for the most part, with local exceptions, a very small sale, and if now and then a book does meet with considerable vogue, it does not last long.

Sales of paper-bound books are fair, especially in cheap lines. A peculiarity of this part of the book business is the passing of the fifty-cent paper-bound novel, which is diminishing each year. In fact, several houses that formerly issued serial lines at this price have stopped making them.

The Land of the Dollar had quite a good sale last month, and is, even for a work of its kind, meeting with a most favourable reception everywhere in the West.

The Centenary Edition of Carlyle's works, imported by the Scribners, supplies a "long-felt want" for a good, moderate-priced edition for library use. It can also be bought by the volume if desired.

The usual July influx of travellers with samples of Fall preparations is beginning as we write. Last season's output was very large, but this year will probably surpass it, both in the number of new books published and the literary quality of the same.

Novels usually enjoy a monopoly of sales at this time of the year, but last month's reading was not confined entirely to fiction, such books as *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, *Farthest North*, *Menticulture*, and *After Her Death* having sold remarkably well.

Last month's sales compare favourably with the record of the preceding month, and are also decidedly larger than those of the corresponding period last year.

The following books had the largest sales last month in the order as given :

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. $1.50.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
Equality. By Edward Bellamy. $1.25.
Rose of Yesterday. By Marion Crawford. $1.25.
Pursuit of the House-Boat. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.
Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.
Honourable Peter Stirling. By F. L. Ford. $1.50.
Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
Miss Archer Archer. By C. L. Burnham. $1.25.
After Her Death. By Lillian Whiting. $1.00.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
Arnaud's Masterpiece. By W. C. Larned. $1.25.
Margaret Ogilvie. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.75.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 24 to June 19, 1897.

With nothing else but the Diamond Jubilee upon the lips of every one, it can easily be believed that little attention has been given to the tempting wares of the bookseller's shop. In addition to this, the near approach of Midsummer day is always associated with a quiet time in the trade, as it is hardly the season of the year for one to sit at the fireside and read. As a set-off, the disposal of a considerable quantity of "Jubilee literature" has made matters a little better than they otherwise would have been. So much for business at home. The foreign and colonial trade has been good and well sustained, there being a steady demand for general literature, and Jubilee publications have also been exported in considerable quantities.

Under the conditions above named, it will be readily understood that the 6s. novel has not been selling very freely. *Phroso* appears to be the most popular one for the moment.

Among Jubilee publications *The Queen's Resolve*, *These Sixty Years*, and *The Personal Life of Queen Victoria* have been selling well, especially the last work mentioned. A volume of sermons for the commemoration has also been inquired for on a large scale. The publication of *The Life of Queen Victoria* by the librarian of Windsor Castle has been delayed, owing to the many engagements of the Queen having prevented the completion of the revision. The public will be quite satisfied with the explanation, the truth of which is so very patent.

The fifth volume of Mr. McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* appears at an opportune moment, and has met with the usual favourable reception.

Books on Cromwell, such as *Cromwell*, by Horton, and *Cromwell's Place in History*, by Gardiner, are attracting considerable attention, and point to the growing interest that surrounds any work dealing with the Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland (especially Ireland).

The literature of outdoor sports and pastimes is now in its season. The issue of a work on cricket by K. S. Ranjitsinhji is looked for with much interest.

Tons of London guides have been sold during the month. There never has been, and probably never will be again, such a demand for them. English and foreign guide books are also selling freely, as is usual at this time of the year.

Scott and Dickens are slightly increasing in favour. A new edition of each is about to appear.

The sale of the June issue of the principal illustrated magazines has been very large, owing to the lives of the Queen that have appeared in them. The *Woman at Home* was a noticeable instance.

The official programme of the procession appears at the moment of writing. Its sale will probably be enormous, as it is issued for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.

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There has been a slight, and only a slight, abatement in the number of new books and new editions issued during the month. The publication of more than one hundred in a week during June must be unprecedented. Doubtless many of the works have been pushed forward for publication before the Jubilee celebrations, as a reaction is sure to follow such an event as that which it is proposed to carry out in such a magnificent style. The appended list of new books embraces as usual the more popular works of the moment :

Dear Faustina. By R. Broughton. 6s.
Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By H. Garland. 6s.
A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
My Run Home. By R. Boldrewood. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. 6s.
The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.
The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
A Fountain Sealed. W. Besant. 6s.
The Philanderers. By A E. Mason. 6s.
The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. Mason. 6s.
A History of Our Own Times. By J. McCarthy. Vol. 5. 12s.
Cromwell. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.
Cromwell's Place in History. By S. R. Gardiner. 3s. 6d.
St. Augustine's Mission to England. By A. J. Mason. 5s.
How to Listen to Music. By H. E. Krehbiel. 6s.
A Great Agricultural Estate. By the Duke of Bedford. 6s.
How Money Makes Money. By Duncan. 2s. 6d. net.
Fads of an Old Physician. By G. S. Keith. 2s. 6d.
Many Cargoes. By W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.
Symphonies. By G. Egerton. 4s. 6d. net.
The Indiscretion of a Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
The Queen's Resolve. By C. Bullock. 1s. 6d.
These Sixty Years. By E. Holmes. 2s. 6d.
Sermons for the Commemoration of Queen Victoria, 1837–1897. 2s. 6d.
Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By S. A. Tooley. 3s. 6d.
The White Slaves of England. By R. H. Sherard. 2s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1897, and July 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. Little, Brown & Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. $8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Old Gentleman of Black Stock. By Page. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (John Lane.)
5. A Princess and a Woman. By McDonald. 25 cts. (Munsey.)
6. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Aeronautical Annual. By Means. $1.00. (W. B. Clarke & Co.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Forty-one Years in India. By Roberts. $12.00. (Longmans.)

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Parker. $1.25. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2 00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. * A Talk about Books. By Larned. 50 cts. (Peter Paul Bk. Co.)
6. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Massarenes. By Ouida. $1.25. (Fenno.)
3. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. His Native Wife. By Becke. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
5. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
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5. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. 1861–1865 : Personal Recollections in the Confederate Army. By Dinkins. $1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)

* Local Book.

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5. Ziska. By Corelli. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
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2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan)
4. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Master-Beggars. By Cornford. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
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2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. A Royal Traitor. By Barnes. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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6. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.) & Co.

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3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Equality. By Bellamy. $1.25. (Appleton.)
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3. Lads' Love. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
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3. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
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3. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Bell & Sons.)
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5. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. 50 cts. (Morang.)

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3. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
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